



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE LEGENDS AND COMMEMORATIVE CELEBRATIONS OF SAINT KENTIGERN, HIS FRIENDS AND DISCIPLES. TRANSLATED from the ABERDEEN BREVARY and the ARBUTHNOTT MISSAL. With an Illustrative Appendix consisting of NOTICES of the LIVES of SAINTS THENEW, KENTIGERN, SERVANUS, COLUMBA, ASAPH, BALDRED, CONWALL and PALLADIUS. By WILLIAM STEVENSON, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History, University of Edinburgh. Royal 8vo, *boards*. 1872

“* THIS VOLUME WAS “PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION,” THE IMPRESSION BEING EXCEEDINGLY LIMITED.

1266

d. 9

Presented to
The Bodleian Library
Oxford
with the best wishes of
the friends of the Society
per Mr. W. Stevenson
Publisher Salisbury

4th Feb. 1874.

The Legends
of
St. Kentigern, etc.



THE LEGENDS
AND
COMMEMORATIVE CELEBRATIONS
OF
St. Kentigern,
His Friends, and Disciples.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
ABERDEEN BREVIARY
AND THE
ARBUTHNOTT MISSAL.
WITH AN ILLUSTRATIVE APPENDIX.



EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

M.DCCC.LXXII.

Arch. Boal. B.
III. 34.

PREFACE.

THE editor, translator, or compiler of the following pages,—for he may not aspire to the style of author,—was at one time ambitious enough to entertain the thought of preparing a complete calendar of the Scottish Saints. Taking the national legends of the Aberdeen Breviary for a basis, he proposed to intercalate, or to add, all that he might be able to ascertain regarding those *dii minores* of our country's earlier faith, who, although not enrolled in that dignified service-book, are mentioned in other literary monuments now less recondite than they were then, or have left some dim memorial of themselves in the names of the towns, villages, fairs, and wells of our country,—sometimes in remote and lonely districts or spots where there had once been chapels, cells, or hermitages.

The exigencies of a heavy charge prevented much progress from being made towards the execution of this adventurous plan; yet though compelled to suspend it then, and now finally to abandon it, the subject never ceased to retain the peculiar charm which, for some

minds at least, it has been long known to possess. About thirteen years ago however, the great undertaking which had been rashly contemplated, was reduced to a plan of very humble dimensions. Then the editor, or whatever else as aforesaid, from a bundle of translations lying by him, selected the legends forming a group in which St. Kentigern is the central figure, and had a limited number of them privately printed for circulation among his friends. These legends were all translated from the ritual celebrations contained in the Aberdeen Breviary, with the single exception of the Sacramental Commemoration of St. Kentigern from the Arbuthnott Missal.* But even this modest attempt was doomed to be suspended. A new sphere of incessant and engrossing labour refused even the restricted time requisite for completing it; and it is only through the enforced leisure of infirm health that the long neglected sheets have been again brought to light.

With respect to all that is known concerning the literary history of the Aberdeen Breviary,—the only surviving representative, in that comprehensive kind, of the ritual services conducted by our pre-reformation church,—the curious reader may be referred to a preface drawn up, for the members of the Bannatyne Club, by David Laing, Esq., LL.D., the best of possible authorities on every such subject. Here it is necessary to say no more than that this great work was printed by Walter Chepman in the years 1509 and 1510, being the second production of the first press ever set up in our country. It was executed under the personal superintendence of

* The Missal itself had not then been printed. The translation was made from a copy of the special celebration given by the late Joseph Robertson in his introduction to a volume of the Maitland Miscellany.

Bishop William Elphinstone, who then presided with reputation and dignity over the diocese of Aberdeen, from a MS. copy which he had previously arranged, chiefly after the celebrated book of Sarum, but with additions of his own, original or selected, where Scottish saints were concerned. It is abundantly obvious that when compiling the *Propria Sanctorum*, in the cases of Kentigern and Thenew at least, he made a free use of the *Vitae* by Jocelin and the anonymous author in Capgrave's collection,—documents of which some notices may be found in the first article of the subjoined appendix.

For the translations themselves which form what, slender though it is, may be called the body of the volume, the editor has nothing whatever to say; and even concerning them he deems it unnecessary to say much. The contractions with which the text of the Breviary abounds, present some trifling difficulty at first, and may occasionally betray a careless reader into a mistake; nor dare the translator venture to assure himself that he has fallen into no such blunder. If he have, the fault, however unimportant, is not very excusable, for the snare vanishes before a little perseverance. His object was to lay before a few friends who, for whatever reason, had no means of direct access to the Breviary, some specimens of the commemorative services which were ritually celebrated in our Scottish churches, anterior to the Reformation. With this view, besides retaining the peculiar form of the compositions, he has endeavoured to translate the lections, the responses, and all other prose portions down to the rubrics, as literally as he could, so that the English into which they were rendered should be intelligible, and should preserve moreover, some of that ecclesiastical aroma,

without which they would be like salt which has lost its savour. The metrical portions, that is the hymns &c., at least invited a different style of treatment. No doubt, they might have been turned into plain prose ; and this again might have been broken up into lines of unequal length, so as to tell the reader that it had once enjoyed the honour of being verse. The temptations of a clearly superior method, led to a rash defiance of both difficulty and failure. An attempt was made to preserve the metre, the rhyme, and even the structure of the verse, without sacrificing the sense of the original. Beyond all question the result is mere doggrel ; but then, had it been otherwise, it must have been unfaithful ; because,—the Latin hymns &c., are themselves, the whole of them, mere doggrel too.

The appendix, which has run to a laborious and weary, probably also a tedious length, must be left to speak for itself.

EDINBURGH, *1st August 1872.*

CONTENTS.

PREFACE, ...	PAGE V
OF ST. KENTIGERN, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, MAJUS DUPLEX, ...	1
OF ST. THENEW, MATRON, MOTHER OF THE BLESSED BISHOP KENTIGERN, ...	13
THE OFFICE, &C. CELEBRATED AT MASS, ...	17
OF ST. SERVANUS, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, ...	21
OF ST. COLUMBA, CONFESSOR AND ABBOT, ...	25
OF ST. ASAPH, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, ...	36
OF ST. BALDRED, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, ...	38
OF ST. CONWALL, CONFESSOR, ...	42
OF ST. PALLADIUS, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, ...	45
APPENDIX :—I. ST. THENEW, ...	51
II. ST. KENTIGERN, ...	84
III. ST. SERVANUS, ...	146
IV. ST. COLUMBA, ...	157
V. ST. ASAPH, ...	157
VI. ST. BALDRED, ...	159
VII. ST. CONWALL, ...	161
VIII. ST. PALLADIUS, ...	164

PLATE—GROUND PLAN OF ST. MUNGO'S CHURCH, CULROSS, *to face p. 88.*

ERRATA.

Page 1, heading, for "Major" read "Majus."

„ 11, line 2 from top, for "on heaven" read "in heaven."

„ 17, in the *introit*, end of line 1, delete the comma.

„ 45, in the *oratio*, line 1, for "had" read "hadst."

OF ST. KENTIGERN,
Bishop and Confessor, Major Duplex.

*At the special vespers, where a church has been dedicated
to him, may be said, &c.*

Ana.—Let children praise the Lord ; a child like them,
With saints in heaven has won eternal fame.

Ps.—Sing praises, ye children.

A.—All nations, tongues, and people, lift your voices ;
For holy Serf to rear our saint rejoices.

Ps.—Praise ye the Lord.

A.—O Kentigern, praise God, thou spirit blest,
Thy country's patron-saint by His behest.

Ps.—Praise the Lord, O my soul.

A.—To God, in psalm, and song, be sounding praise !
O Kentigern, for us thy prayers raise.

Ps.—Praise ye the Lord, for he is good.

A.—Jerusalem, praise God ; and Zion, sing ;
Our saint let Christ to highest glory bring.

Ps.—Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem.

Cpm.—Behold, a great priest.

Rm.—Through thee, great prelate, son of royal line,
Lothian and Cumbria with new honours shine ;

V.—And Scotia is converted to the faith divine.

Hymn.—Hail, festive season, famed in story,
When, of St. Kentigern, the glory
Is wafted to the highest heaven,
While his pure dust to earth is given.
The saint, of virtues great and bright,
Flower of his nation, Lothian's light,
A burning star, of regal race,
Exults now in his country's grace.
In him be joyful, Glasgow chiefly,
Thy fortunes he'll raise high and briefly.
Let Scotia's plains with plaudits ring,
Because their guardian saint they sing.
And, Loth of Lothian, be thou glad,
That seed so great and good thou'st had,—
A prelate who adorns and graces
The whole range of his kindred races.
Be glory, splendour, power, and fame,
And honours of each highest name,
To God, three-one, whom we adore,
Now, henceforth, and for evermore.—Amen.

Vs.—The Lord hath loved him.

Ana.—O holy St. Kentigern, pride of the nation,
Thou greatest of preachers, whose word is salvation,
Dispenser of Christ with fidelity due,
Help us, your servants, poor, humble, but true,
That in God's light at last we may triumph with
you.

Ps.—My soul doth magnify, &c.

Oratio.—O God, who hast marvellously designated the
blessed Kentigern, thy confessor and bishop, to be at once
a teacher and a ruler of thy church, grant, we pray thee,

that we may always enjoy the suffrages of him whose venerable festival we are now celebrating. Through the Lord.

Then intervenes a commemoration of the Epiphany ; and afterwards, of the holy Mary.

Invit.—Be now one true God, in three persons, praised,
Who, to Himself in heaven, St. Mungo raised.

Ps.—Come let us, &c.

Hymn.—Hail, festive season, famed, &c.

Ana.—Happy the man who in faith's works delights,
And to God's law devotes his thoughtful nights.

Ps.—Blessed is he, &c.

A.—In Godly fear he learns to spend his days,
And God's commandments studiously obeys.

Ps.—Why have the heathen, &c.

A.—St. Mungo climbs God's hill, all clothed with light,
Met, welcomed, and embraced, by saints in white.

Ps.—Lord, why are thine enemies, &c.

Vs.—The Lord hath loved him.

Lectio I.—Kentigern, an illustrious confessor of God, was descended from a Scotch stock the noblest of the noble, Eugenius (Eufurien?) king of Cumbria being his father, and Thenew, daughter of Loth king of Lothian, his mother. Her father, when she had become pregnant, intending that she should be drowned, sent her out of Lothian forth into the sea on board of an old boat, which was carried up by the divine power against the waves of the sea, and reached the land at Culross. There, with angels attending her, she brought forth her son, at a spot

where, even to this day, is a chapel dedicated in honour of her. St. Serf, warned by angelical admonition and informed by his pastors, approached the shore, and from it received with distinction the mother and the infant, whom he baptized in the sacred font, giving him the name of Kentigern, that is, lord-in-chief.

But do thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us.

R.—A bird to life he brings ;—revives the fire
Quench'd by companions in their jealous ire.

Vs.—At Culross first transpired St. Mungo's fame ;
The utterly quench'd fire he fann'd to flame.

Lect. II.—But the blessed Serf, knowing through evangelical revelation that the boy had been prevented by the grace of God, educated him honourably at Culross ; and instructed him in the virtues and the learning of the christian faith ; so that while still a boy he was already greatly distinguished by reason of the divine miracles which he performed. For when a certain little bird, which is called a red-breast, was accidentally killed in the refectory of St. Serf by Kentigern while he was yet merely a little boy, he took the body of the bird along with its head, and joining the head to the body, began to fit and arrange them together. When this was done, the bird directly returned to life and flew to St. Serf, carolling its song.

R.—Blest boy, the dead cook at his word arose ;
While Serf pursues, away his pupil goes ;

Vs.—But from his foot, twice, on the plain, a river flows,
While Serf pursues, &c.

Lect. III.—In this refectory also, there was a fire which had been sent down thither from heaven, and which St. Serf's disciples watched by turns in the night, one after another, that it might not be suffered to go out.

On a certain night however, when the blessed Kentigern was watching the fire, it was extinguished while he was asleep. But the holy boy, having placed frozen leaves on the hearth, in the presence of his companions began to blow, and immediately the heap of brushwood was kindled by his breath.

R.—He yoked the wolf and stag to till the fields ;
Sand sown by him a fruitful harvest yields.

Vs.—Unwonted winter-berries from the frost he shields.
Sand sown by him, &c.
Glory be to the father, &c.
Sand sown by him, &c.

In III. Noct. Ana.—God's glory, St. Mungo, and smile
ever bright,
Have clothed thee in robes of celestial light.
Ps.—When I called, &c.

Ana.—With the shield of Christ's strength stands for ever
protected,
The humble St. Mungo, our bishop elected.
Ps.—My words do thou hear, &c.

A.—O how great is the worth, and how glorious the
fame !
Throughout all the earth O how precious the
name !

Ps.—O Lord, the Lord, &c.
Vs.—The Lord hath guided the righteous.

Lect. IV.—Then, on a certain day, St. Serf collected reapers to gather in his harvest ; but his cook had died on the day before. At the instigation of his disciples, he commanded the blessed Kentigern either to prepare food for the reapers, or to restore the dead cook to life. And when Kentigern was praying, an angel appeared to him and said, " God on hearing thy prayers has raised up the

cook." When this had been done, by the counsel of the same angel, he departed from his master.

R.—A cruel chief to Christ's flock alms denies,
But to our bishop's barns his harvest hies ;

Vs.—Christ bids ; and Clyde's obedient waters rise.
And to our bishop's barns, &c.

Lect. V.—But when the blessed Kentigern reached the river which is called the Forth, and was crossing it by a ford, seeing his master in pursuit of him he besought God to make the water impassable to his said master ; and straightway by the return of the marine tide it became impassable. St. Serf, unable to advance, blessed his disciple and returned.

R.—The pangs of gout the tyrant's limbs afflict,
Who with his dastard foot God's servant kicked ;

Vs.—Posterity can still the limping wretch depict.
The pangs of gout, &c.

Lect. VI.—On the same night in which he departed from St. Serf he was lodged in the house of Fergus, an old man who had been informed by revelation that in the presence of the holy Kentigern he should pass away from the world. And when he was dead, the blessed Kentigern, by the counsel of angels, laid his body on a small waggon, to which he yoked unbroken oxen, with no one to guide them ; and so, following the waggon, he arrived at a place which is called Glasgow, where he buried the body, and where, serving God, he by divine revelation took up his abode.

R.—A bloody man was blind, king Melchom hight,
To whom our bishop's prayer restored the light ;

Vs.—And with its chief was Wales to Christ won by
the sight.
To whom our bishop's prayer, &c.

Glory to the Father, &c.
To whom our bishop's prayer, &c.

In III. Noct. Ana.—Now rests, in mansions blest, with
Christ, for ever,
Our wise and pious saint, who knew sin never.

Ps.—O Lord, who, &c.

A.—Now on his holy head, with jewels bright,
The crown proclaims him victor in the fight.

Ps.—O Lord, in thy strength, &c.

A.—Earth, which in all things, her great Lord obeys,
A noble fane for Kentigern doth raise.

Ps.—The earth is the Lord's, &c.

Vs.—The righteous as a palm-tree, &c.

Lect. VII.—According to Matthew.—At that time Jesus spake to his disciples this parable : A certain man travelling to a far country, called his servants, &c. *From the history of St. Kentigern.*—It happened that the queen of Caidzow was ill-reported of concerning the love of a certain soldier whom the king took out with him to hunt. When he was asleep, from his pocket the king drew out a ring which the queen had given him, and threw it into a river which is called the Clyde. On his return home, the king demanded the ring from the queen, threatening her with death unless she restored it. She sent a servant to the soldier, but did not obtain the ring. Then immediately, by a messenger, she communicated the whole affair to the blessed Kentigern, promising that she would do suitable penance. And St. Kentigern, piously commiserating the said queen, sent one of his people to the river with a hook to fish, and enjoined that the first fish which was taken should be brought to him alive. This was done accordingly ; and the saint, having extracted the ring from the mouth of the fish, transmitted it to the queen, who restored it to the king, and thus escaped death.

R.—The contrite queen feels, of her fault, the sting,
The bishop, by a fish, restores the ring ;

Vs.—From infamy escapes the wondering king.
The bishop, by a fish, &c.

Lect. VIII.—And when the blessed Kentigern, at the command of an angel, returned from Wales to Glasgow, leaving behind him in Wales his disciple St. Asaph to govern his church, king Redrath of Glasgow met him with a prodigious multitude of chiefs and people ; and while he preached to them the word of God he was seen by only a small part of the people, and his sermon was not heard at all. Wherefore, by the divine power, the earth upon which he stood raised itself up into a little hill, so that he was seen, and his preaching heard, by all the people. At the spot where this happened, close by Glasgow, a beautiful chapel was dedicated to his honour. But the arrival of Kentigern at Glasgow from Wales having been noised abroad, St. Columba the abbot came to the stream which is called Malyndinor, earnestly desiring to enjoy the blessing and the conversation of so great and so holy a bishop. And before they met, St. Columba saw angels fluttering round about him, and a shining dove descending upon him, and a golden crown on his head.

R.—St. Colm greets Kentigern, and on his friend,
Beholds, from heaven, a brilliant light descend ;

Vs.—And angels o'er his head a lustrous crown extend.

Lect. IX.—After they had met, they alternately gave devout thanks to God. But during their retirement, the companions of St. Columba demanded a wether from the flock of St. Kentigern ; and afterwards, a wether which had been killed and beheaded, ran about among the sheep. And while they were wondering and gazing, it was converted into a stone.—So great was the fervour of St. Kentigern's devotion that, sometimes when he was celebrating mass, a snowy pigeon appeared above his head

like a luminous cloud ; and when he was chaunting the "*sursum corda*," his body was lifted up from the ground into the air. Such moreover was the austerity of his life that, beneath his bishop's habit, he used mail and hair-cloth ; and frequently he stood upon a stone in cold water till he read through the psalter, before he met with his brethren in the church at matins. Finally, in a holy old age and full of days, St. Kentigern, on the Ides of January, passed away to Christ in the heavens after having served him faithfully on the earth.

R.—Of life, nine score and five years he had ended,
Before, to God, from Glasgow, he ascended.

Vs.—And now above the starry spheres, in rest and bliss
the saint appears.

Of life, nine score, &c.
Glory be to the father, &c.
Of life, nine score, &c.

Ps.—We praise thee, O God, &c.

Vs.—Pray for us, &c.

R.—That we may be worthy, &c.

At Lauds. Ana.—He seeks, of Peter's life, the seven
places,

While an ærial bell his journey traces.

Ps.—The Lord hath reigned, &c.

A.—Nor snow might ever drench the bishop's pall,
Nor tempest's fury on the saint's head fall.

Ps.—Rejoice ye, &c.

A.—To thee, wild beasts, to thee, the fowls of heaven,
Blest Mungo, willingly themselves have given !

Ps.—O God, my God, &c.

A.—The headless wether, which but now had ranged
With grazing flocks, lo, to a stone is changed !

Ps.—Bless ye, &c.

A.—The temple was order'd to be thrown down ;
 But, by mute lips spoken, of God the frown
 Prohibited ; wherefore 'tis ours to raise,
 In our worship, to Thee, the greater praise.

Ps.—Praise ye the Lord, &c.

Cpm.—Behold a great priest.

Hymn.—Christ, of martyrs, glorious King,
 The world's life, of grace the spring,
 Who Kentigern, by saintly merit,
 Hast raised thy kingdom to inherit !
 He is of bishops first and best,
 Scotia's honour, Britain's rest ;
 His flock's delight, his country's praise,
 A torch which flashes star-like rays ;
 Of Glasgow, ornament and pride,
 To Christ true, let what might betide ;
 A pastor just and prudent found,
 For countless miracles renowned ;
 His life, in toils and perils pass'd,
 A martyrdom from first to last ;
 Oft breast-deep in the ice-cold river,
 Throughout the live-long night he'd shiver,
 King David's psalms devoutly singing,
 Till the matin bell was ringing ;
 And oft his fasts, in maceration,
 Of full four days the prolongation,
 When, if his flesh its strength renew'd,
 Hair-cloth and mail the fire subdued.
 Meanwhile angels came to cheer him,
 Whisp'ring God and help were near him.
 Oh Christ ! the health of all the earth,
 Who hast a servant of such worth,
 In glory, for thyself, ordain'd,—
 By us, through him, be life obtain'd.
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, three in one,

Be highest glory ever given
By all on earth, and all on heaven.—Amen.

Vs.—The righteous shall flourish, &c.

Ana.—Confessor blest ! flower of thy name,
Fair Lothian's torch, of ardent flame.
Thou mightiest in works divine,
Be to thy subjects still benign,
And to the wretched, meek and gracious ;
O Mungo, teacher great and precious !

Ps.—Blessed is the Lord, &c.

Prayer as above. Then follows a solemn commemoration of the octave of the Epiphany, and of St. Hilary, and the holy virgin Mary. Afterwards, at Primes,

Ana.—He seeks, of Peter's life, &c.

At Tierce, and the other hours, are said Cpa., Ra., et Vs., from the "commune" of a confessor and bishop. The other Antiphonae out of Lauds.—At second vespers ;

Ana.—He seeks, of Peter's life, &c.

Cpm.—Blessing, &c.

R.—Sudden, the milky curd, transformed to stone ;
Its nature changed, retains its shape alone.

Vs.—The stream the name preserves till time be gone.
Its nature changed, &c.

Glory to the Father, &c.
Its nature changed, &c.

Hymn.—Christ, of martyrs, glorious king, &c.

Vs.—The righteous shall flourish, &c.

Ana.—Bright morning star, in heaven glowing,
Life from thy flashing pinions flowing,

Through thee, o'er Glasgow, sits presiding
A saint, its children meekly guiding.
Both good is he and great in power ;
O rose, of flowers the fairest flower !
To us, offenders, lost in night,
Shew thou the path of truth and right ;
And guide us home by thine own heavenly light.

Ps.—My soul doth magnify, &c.

Oratio, ut supra.

OF ST. THENEW,

Matron, Mother of the blessed Bishop Kentigern.

Oratio.—O God, who hast willed that, by interposition of divine grace, the blessed Kentigern should be born of the blessed Thenew, grant, in thy mercy, that they who worship her with sincere minds, may be able to be freed from the perils of hell. Through our Lord, &c.

At Matins.—Lectio I.—In Lothian, which is a part of North Britain, a certain King had a certain daughter, Thenew by name, born in wedlock, of the christian faith, but not yet regenerated in the font of baptism; who, in her whole heart, mouth, and mind, was free from every stain of lust and the flesh; although, as is to be piously believed, divine providence fell out in fact otherwise than she intended. On account of which things, she suffered cruel and outrageous torments in pursuance of a sentence to that effect pronounced by her relatives, and endured very many reproaches which it will be proper to recount.

Lec. II.—For when a certain handsome youth, Ewen, son of the king of Cumbria, descended from the noblest stock of the Britons, solicited her in marriage, grudging no sacrifice for the sake of the nuptials, she could by no means be persuaded to the love of any one. And by how much the more she repelled the love of the King's son, by

so much the more fervidly did he burn in the love of her; and by all methods and behaviour, (paternal admonitions also being meanwhile variously applied), he assiduously endeavoured to change her mind.

Lec. III.—But the king, when he found himself unable, by whatsoever gentle speeches, to allure her to the contraction of such a marriage, inflamed with rage, broke forth into words after the manner following:—"I say that I will either make thee consent to a marriage of this sort; or, by delivering thee to the swine-herds, I will give thee up to perpetual prostitution." But she, continuing firm in her purpose, assumed the occupation of a swine-herd; and having relinquished the princely pleasures of the royal palace, voluntarily sought sanctuary with swine.

Lec. IV.—And a swine-herd who secretly professed the christian faith entertained her as well as he could, not only doing honour to herself but commending her chastity above all things; and he boldly declared to her that she had the authority of the doctors of Christ for the preservation of the same. But the king's son aforesaid, hearing that she had been utterly scorned on account of his love, was grieved; because he had loved her extremely, with a blind love.

Lec. V.—And while he was musing, he had sent to her a certain little woman, (if haply Thenew, now plunged in misery and distress, might the more easily be won to his love); but these things also were done to no purpose. Meanwhile as she was tarrying in solitude among the swine-herds, a certain beardless young man clothed in virgin's apparel, who was wont without suspicion of guile to inspect her father's fields, violated her in his female dress, and impregnated her in spite of her utmost resistance.

Lec. VI.—And she, constant to her former purpose,

dared not divulge to any one the issue of the affair ; but to her father, nevertheless, it was communicated that she had become pregnant. Then, in his zeal for justice, he along with his nobles, adjudged her to be a strumpet and a deceitful transgressor of the paternal law ; and they condemned her to be stoned to death. At length she was delivered to executioners, who set her, in a cart, on the top of a mountain.

Lec. VII.—Any one hurled thence on the stones as they rushed furiously down, was devoted to a direful death. But she, trusting in the Lord, because though her body had been defiled her mind had always remained clear and steadfast towards God, and so continuing resolute in her purpose, the executioners cruelly precipitated the cart from the summit of the steep rock ; but while it plunged violently down, the young woman remained safe and unhurt. Miracles, moreover, one after another, were done to the praise of God ; for the overturned cart was fixed deep in the earth, and being forthwith drawn out, a beautifully limpid fountain sprang up, and even at this very day, has not ceased to flow ; the prominent portions also of the cart, of their own accord, perforated the hardest stones, leaving a perpetual mark.

Lec. VIII.—The king, the father of the young woman, was made acquainted with the premises ; but being enraged, he affirmed that these things could be done by magic, to the end that she should not suffer punishment ; and he commanded her to be put to death. They led her accordingly to the neighbouring sea, and to the port which, by the vulgar, is called Aberlady, where the greatest multitude of fishes is wont to be caught ; and many, both men and women, were in attendance on her, who bewailed her, saying, “ What has the king’s daughter deserved that she should undergo so many sentences of death ? For it is cruelty in the king, rather than justice, to execute vengeance twice on the same person.” But she, patiently

listening to all these things, was not afraid to undergo death, for the name of Christ.

Lec. IX.—Then she was sent away in a shallop made of pitch and osiers, and covered with hides ; altogether destitute of rudder, sail, or rower ; to be straightway swallowed up by the dreadful and unfathomed ocean. But, upheld by the divine support, she was wafted to the island of May ; and thence, at the pleasure of Him who rules and governs all things,—tossed by the waves of the sea,—sustained by a prodigious attendant shoal of fishes,—against the stream, moreover, which is worthy of great admiration,—she was conducted in safety to Culross, where from her own bowels she brought forth into the world her son, a holy man, and most strictly devoted to God, the blessed Kentigern ; and both of them were, by the blessed Servanus, an eminently devout man, regenerated with water in the font of baptism. The blessed Thenew accordingly, all the days of the years during which she lived, followed her son Kentigern in a holy and blessed course of living. Nor was her place of abode far from him in Glasgow, where she enjoyed frequent converse with her said son. And it is not to be doubted that, since while she was alive she was not undistinguished by miracles, she was, after many years spent in holiness of life, translated to the eternal heavens, and along with her said son Kentigern, reigns there with our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom is honour for ever. She was honourably interred in the illustrious city of Glasgow.

The Office

*Which is celebrated on the feast of St. Kentigern, without
his diocese,*

AT MASS,

On the day after the octave of the Epiphany.

Introit.—The Lord hath established for him a covenant, of peace and made him a prince ; that the dignity of the priesthood may be his for ever.

Prayer.—O God, who hast marvellously designated the blessed Kentigern, thy confessor and bishop, to be at once a teacher and a ruler of thy church, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may always enjoy the suffrages of him whose venerable festival we are now celebrating. Through the Lord, &c.

Epistle.—Behold, a great priest, who in his own days pleased the Lord, and was found righteous ; and in a time of wrath was made a reconciliation. There has not been found one like him who hath kept the law of the Highest : &c., as in Ecclus. XLIV.

Gradual.—The Lord hath sworn, and it will not repent him ; thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisidech. Alleluia.

Verse.—The Lord hath loved him, and adorned him ; He hath put upon him a stole of glory. Alleluia.

Sequence.—Sing, Sion, sing, with plaudits ringing,
Heart, voice, and hand together bringing,
Holy anthems loudly singing,
St. Mungo's praise proclaim !

Free be to-day from every sorrow,
Care and grief wait for to-morrow,
Peace and refuge while we borrow,
Through his glorious name.

By birth the noblest of his nation,
In font plunged of regeneration,
Unschool'd, yet bless'd with education,
St. Serf's disciple dear.

Star of clerks, bright light bestowing,
Virtue's guide, the right way shewing,
Torch of Britons, always glowing
Peerlessly broad and clear.

Not faint nor dim his fire from heaven,
By its bright rays the clouds were riven,
And glorious light to earth was given ;—
It flash'd both wide and far.

Nor with him was life divided ;
God alone his being guided ;
Plan, motive, practice,—all decided,—
God was his polar star.

Fevers and famine Mungo banish'd,
Pestilence before him vanish'd ;
With righteousness were those replenish'd,
Who own'd our prelate's sway.

Its song, the mangled robin, trilling,—
The once-dead cook his tasks fulfilling,—
The headless ram, quick after killing,—
All grace this festive day.

The fire that should have flash'd out nightly,
When quench'd, the frozen twig lit brightly ;
And oxen, all untamed, drew lightly
To Glasgow, Fergus' bier !

Wolf and stag, in one team going,
Virgin soil prepared for sowing ;
Sand, as seed, for autumn's mowing,
Gave finest wheat's ripe ear.

The tide o'erflows its wonted measure,
And floats away the niggard's treasure ;
The miller, stealing at his pleasure,
A miracle made grey !

A queen her faithlessness repented ;
Her injured husband soon relented,
When the fish his ring presented,
In anger thrown away.

O thou, in mighty works exceeding,
Through Christ, thy chosen saviour, pleading,
Cause that our steps may still be speeding
Upward to His rest.

Pastor faithful, prelate holy,
Guide from heaven, meek and lowly,
Us, who tread thy path so slowly,
Lead to mansions blest !

Offertory.—My truth and my mercy are with him ;
and in my name his horn shall be exalted.

Secret.—We beseech thy majesty, O Lord, sanctify
this offering, presented in honour of thy most holy bishop
Kentigern ; that it may be acceptable to Thee, and profit-
able for us. Through the Lord, &c.

Commemoration.—Blessed is that servant, whom, when the Lord shall come, he shall find watching ; I say unto you, that he will set him over all his goods.

Post-communion.—We, celebrating the mysteries which, on the feast of thy most holy bishop Kentigern, we have offered to thy Majesty, humbly pray Thee, O Lord, that through him we may, along with him, enjoy the grace of thy heavenly abode. Through the Lord, &c.

OF ST. SERVANUS

Bishop and Confessor.

Prayer.—O God, who, for the salvation of the human race, hast made the blessed Servanus illustrious by wonderful miracles, we beseech thee that, through his benignant intercession, the chains of our sins being loosed, thou wouldst bestow upon us the heavenly kingdom. Through the Lord, &c.

Lect. I.—Servanus, who had derived his origin from the nation of the Scotch, lived under the rite and form of the primitive church till the arrival of the blessed father Palladius the bishop, who had been sent by the blessed Pope Celestine for the purpose of converting the nation of the Scotch, and who found the holy Servanus there. And because he was not equal, singly, to dispense the pastoral mysteries to so great a nation, he appointed the blessed Servanus his suffragan for the whole nation of the Scotch, after he had been sufficiently imbued with ecclesiastical learning, and ordained by himself as a bishop, that he might labour along with him in the Lord's vineyard. But do thou, &c.

Lect. II.—When St. Servanus therefore, applying himself to the work of the gospel, was going round home-

steads, castles, and villages, and was sowing the seed of the Lord's word, it happened that he and his clergy on a certain night were lodged with a certain poor man; who, ascribing unmeasured praises to God for guests so distinguished, killed his one only pig as their food for the refecton of the holy men. The holy Servanus therefore, moved with piety, restored the pig which the poor man had killed for the refecton of his companions; and through the merits of the holy Servanus the poor man found it now alive in its sty. And thus, after refreshing one another as host and guest alternately, the most holy father dismissed the poor man in peace.

He also turned water into wine, and gave it to a certain sick monk to drink; from which draught he straightway received health.

Lect. III.—Once upon a time the devil tempted the blessed Servanus with divers questions in the cave of Dysart; but, confounded by the divine virtue, he went away; and from that day the said demon has appeared to no one in that cave. The place, however, is even now deemed famous in honour of St. Servanus. The devil, seeing from these things, that he could prevail in no wise against the holy man, endeavoured to do serious mischief where that was within his power. He therefore entered into a certain miserable man, and bestowed upon him so prodigious an appetite that he could not by any means be satisfied. But Servanus put his own thumb into the man's mouth, and the devil, terrified and roaring horribly, set him free. But do thou, &c.

Lects. IV., V., and VI., for the octave of St. John the Baptist.

Lect. VII.—Moreover a certain very poor woman, as if she had become mad, besought the holy Servanus that,

by his prayers, he would restore to life her two infants whom she had thrown down dead at his feet. And he, moved with piety and mercy, in his compassion poured out prayers to the Lord ; and restored the two dead children to their former life.

Lect. VIII.—But a certain robber, in the night time, stole a certain sheep, which had been domesticated in the house of the said St. Servanus ; he killed it also, and ate it. And by and by, while diligent search was made about this occurrence, the suspected robber hastened to the holy man ; and wishing to justify himself on the crozier, swore a great oath that, of this wickedness, he was free, innocent, and clear. A wonderful thing ; this, which could not be brought to light by human judgments, that sheep which had just been eaten spoke vocally out by bleating in the thief's throat. Whereupon the robber, confounded, prostrated himself on the earth, miserably imploring forgiveness ; and the holy man besought the Lord for him. But do thou, &c.

Lect. IX.—A huge and horrible dragon, in a place which is called Dunning, inflicted a most grievous slaughter on the people and the flocks. The saint approached him alone, armed with the mail of faith, and striking him with the head of his crozier, slew that terrible dragon ; in memory of which miracle that valley is called the valley of the dragon.

He also made three blind men, three lame, and three deaf, who had come to him out of the highlands for the recovery of health, to bathe thrice in water which he had blessed ; and when they came out thence, they were all, through the merits of the most holy man, restored to health.

There is also another St. Servanus, an Israelite by

nation, who in the time of the blessed Adamnanus the Abbot, was distinguished, in the island of Portmoak, by many miracles, as the things done by him are more lucidly embraced in his life. But do thou, &c.

OF ST. COLUMBA,

Confessor and Abbot.

At Vespers. Ana.—Father Columba, knowing the nature of the conflict wherein he was engaged, and endowed with christian virtue, vanquished crowds of demons.

Ps.—Let children praise, &c.

A.—And while he was pouring forth prayers for the people at mass, a ball of fire appeared upon his head.

Ps.—Give praises, &c.

A.—A man of angelical life, he was comforted by a frequent intercourse with angels.

Ps.—Praise, O my soul, &c.

A.—The blessed man, contemplating divine things, saw the souls of saints penetrate the secrets of heaven.

Ps.—Give praises, &c.

A.—Aware of the end of his own conflict, and ready to receive the reward of his labours, he gladdened his brethren in their sadness with the hope of the victory which awaited them.

Ps.—Praise, O Jerusalem, &c.

But where he is not the patron, one antiphon, &c., viz :
 Father Columba, &c.

Cpm.—The righteous his own heart, &c.

R.—O holy Colm, now for thy children pray,
 That worthily they keep thy festal day ;

V.—Pardon'd their past, and blest their future, way.
 That worthily, &c.

Hymn.—Let our assembly raise,
 For holy Colm, due praise ;
 To whom the heart devout
 Meet prayer still pours out.
 Whose birth, of regal race,
 The emerald isle did grace,
 And who, from childhood's dawn,
 Still heavenward was drawn.
 Like Abram, God's love deeming
 More than earth's pompous seeming,
 When duty bade him roam,
 He left both friends and home.
 Of Christ, the word and way,
 He strove still to obey ;
 Wrought miracles divine,
 And water changed to wine.
 While yet in boyhood's flower,
 Endow'd with heavenly power,
 Life to the dead he gave,
 And spoil'd the greedy grave.
 He made the gushing rill
 Forth from the rock distil,
 To cleanse, from sin's foul stain,
 Him who was born again.
 The sacred cross his sign,—
 He spread the faith divine,
 Diseases many heal'd,
 And death-closed eyes unseal'd.

He made the blind to see,
 And crippled limbs set free ;
 The deaf, by his help, heard ;
 The dumb spake at his word.
 May his merits and protection
 Secure our souls' election,
 That in heaven we may rest,
 With eternal glory blest.

Ps.—Grant us, O Father, &c.

V.—To the islands far away has thy name been
 published.

R.—And thou art beloved in thy peace.

A.—O happy Columba, an advocate for the needy,
 cleanse us from our grievous faults,—us, who are afflicted
 by our offences against heaven, and crushed by trouble ;
 and be thou our strongest tower.

Ps.—My soul doth magnify, &c.

Oratio.—Breathe into our hearts, O Lord, we beseech
 thee, the desire of heavenly glory ; and grant that on our
 right hands we may carry thither the maniples of righte-
 ousness ; where with thee, as a golden star, the holy
 Abbot Columba shines. Through the Lord.

At Matins. Inv.—Come ye, and to the Lord let us sing
 praises ;

To Him, in heaven, Columba glad strains raises.

Ps.—Come ye, &c.

Hymn.—Beneath night's sable shroud,
 Let us, with voices loud,
 St. Colm's feast celebrate,—
 St. Colm's, the good and great ;
 Who, sprung of royal blood,
 From childhood lust withstood,
 All earthly things despising,

And always heavenward rising.
 He many a wonder wrought;
 Health to the sick he brought,
 The unknown future read,
 And life gave to the dead.
 He hush'd war's wild affray,
 He saw heaven's bright array;
 And what, in words, he taught,
 His life to action brought.
 For seven years he guided
 Those isles where he presided,
 Supreme in either sphere—
 Both king and clergy here.
 Of monks the holiest,
 St. Colm, hear our behest!
 Defend, and give us peace,
 When this vex'd life shall cease!

Grant, O Father, &c.

In the first Noct. A.—Of the holy Columba, while he was yet unborn, the merits were predicted.

Ps.—Happy is the man, &c.

A.—Descended from royal parents, Columba was called by heaven.

Ps.—Why have the heathen raged, &c.

A.—Being a docile boy, the instruction in which he excelled, speedily bore its fruit.

Ps.—O Lord, how, &c.

V.—The Lord loved him.

Lect. I.—The holy father Columba, descended of noble parentage, a man of venerable life and of happy memory, was a father and a founder of monasteries. He, being from boyhood devoted to christian discipline and to the

study of wisdom, by the blessing of God preserved the integrity of his body and the purity of his soul.

Rm.—Before he was born, a minister of the church militant predicted his birth. A doctor of future renown.

V.—While still enclosed in his mother's womb, he is foretold by an angel.

Lect. II.—At a certain time the infant was presented to a blessed man, for the purpose of being baptized. And when there was no water, the holy man, turning aside to the next bank, prayed; from which the water gushing out immediately flowed, and in it he forthwith baptized the infant.

R.—While the holy boy was still lying in the cradle, his face shone with the splendour of a celestial globe.

V.—That the grace of a future soldier of heaven might be demonstrated by a heavenly sign. His face shone, &c.

Lect. III.—And so when the holy man began to be in danger at sea, and the whole body of the ship, greatly shaken, was borne along by the waves; and the sailors said to the blessed man, "Pray for us, lest we perish;" when he had prayed there was made a great calm, and the tempest ceased.

R.—Of father Columba the merits are demonstrated by signs; for he foresaw coming events, he converted idolaters by the virtue of miracles, and he destroyed the abominations of demons by holy preaching.

V.—He was a founder and a teacher of monks.

And he destroyed, &c.

In II. Noct. An.—By the virtue of his benediction, he changed the fruits of a tree from bitter to sweet.

Ps.—When I called, &c.

A.—Compassionating a poor man he gave him seed, which long before the usual time was ready for harvest.

Ps.—My words, &c.

A.—A certain virgin, sprinkled by the holy man with water which he had blessed, was restored to perfect health.

Ps.—O Lord, the Lord, &c.

V.—He hath led the righteous, &c.

Lect. IV.—On a certain occasion the man of God came to visit the king Brudeus; but it happened that, on his arrival, the king himself did not open the gates. Then the man of God, approaching the doors, made the sign of the Lord's cross, and knocked at the door with his hand. And forthwith the gates were opened, and the saint entered along with his attendants.

R.—O worshipful merit of Columba who, praying to the Lord, changed water from the rock into wine.

V.—At the sacrifice of the lamb on the altar.

Changed water, &c.

Lect. V.—There was a certain apple-tree close by the monastery, of which the inhabitants of the place complained that its fruit was excessively bitter. On a certain day the saint drew near and blessed it; and immediately all the apples of the same tree were changed to a wonderful sweetness.

R.—He foresaw a deadly pestilence, which he prevented by sending blessed bread to the people.

V.—From a pestilential death he freed both men and cattle.

By sending, &c.

Lect. VI.—And when the man of God had applied himself to the visiting of his brethren, it happened by chance that when he was approaching a church, the keys of the Oratory could not be found. Then the saint said, “The Lord is able, without keys, to open his own house.” And the bolts having, at this word, been turned back, the gate opened of its own accord.

R.—When a poor man asked alms of the blessed man, he prepares with his holy hand a stake by which all things are provided for the poor man.

V.—The stake having been set up by itself, not as yet consumed by fire.

All things are provided, &c.

In III. Noct. An.—At the sign of the holy cross, the gates of the mansion were opened, of their own accord, to the blessed man.

Ps.—O Lord, we beseech, &c.

A.—After lying long under the water, a writing of the blessed father was found uninjured.

Ps.—O Lord, in thy strength, &c.

A.—By the blessing of father Columba, fire relinquished its natural force.

V.—The righteous as a palm tree, &c.

According to Luke xi.—At that time Jesus said to his disciples, no man lighteth a candle and putteth it in a secret place, &c.

Lect. VII.—When the blessed Columba was staying in the island of Iona, on a certain day his holy face shone with a marvellous hilarity. Therefore two men who were standing at the door of his cell, on seeing this, humbly enquired what it meant. To whom he replied :—“It has

been revealed to me that in the middle of this next Sunday night, I shall go away to the Lord."

R.—Of a rustic whom, along with his whole family, the saint baptized, a son dies; and him he restored to his parents alive.

V.—Born again in the sacred font, the dead boy is mocked by the pagans.

And him he restored, &c.

Lect. VIII.—But in the middle of the night as he had foretold, he went alone, before the rest, at the sound of the bell, to the church; and stooped down in prayer close by the altar. And Diormicius, his servant, following him later at some distance, saw the whole church filled with angelical light. Then the whole family of monks running up with lamps, when they saw that their father was dying, began to lament.

R.—A defender of the christian faith not less by words than by miracles, he vanquished enemies, he calmed the winds and tempests of the sea, he cleared up the darkness.

V.—In the name of Christ, he had power over all things.

He cleared up, &c.

Lect. IX.—But the holy Columba, ere his soul had yet passed away, beheld with great gladness holy angels coming to meet him. And after he had given his blessing to his brethren, he breathed forth his spirit; and his venerable body, wrapped in clean linen, was with due reverence interred.

R.—In the world, O Columba, thy threefold grace was mighty,—in prophecy, miracles, and heavenly intercourse.

V.—By the virtue of these may we be lifted up to the skies.

V.—While he spoke the wind was silent.

R.—And with his thought he calmed the deep.

At lauds. A.—By inspiration of the holy spirit, Columba, knowing his own death and about to lay down the burden of the flesh, betook himself to the church.

Ps.—The Lord reigneth, &c.

A.—Whom, following, his servant saw praying on his bended knees, and the whole church full of celestial light.

Ps.—Praise ye, &c.

A.—While he was lying with his head down on the earth, his natural strength having failed, refreshed by the society of angels, his face gleamed with a wonderful heavenly splendour.

Ps.—O God, my God, &c.

A.—Then with his hand raised, and lifting up his eyes as well as he could, he blessed his people.

Ps.—Bless ye, &c.

A.—And having bidden them farewell, speedily relinquishing time, he is carried up to heaven. Alleluia.

Ps.—Praise ye the Lord, &c.

Cpm.—The righteous, &c.

Hymn.—Blushing aurora, herald of the light,
Calls us, rejoicing, forth from drowsy night,
To keep, devoutly and with each due rite,
The feast of great Columba.

Humble and meek was he,—of free access,—
Of cheerful mien and reverent address,—
In birth and state of equal nobleness,—
Pure both in soul and body.

Columba's virtues and his merits rare,—
 Who miracle and vision both did share,—
 In words to speak, or, writing, to declare,
 No man is wholly able.

"Farewell to Erin, my dear native land,"—
 He said, and hasten'd to Britannia's strand;
 And there, through Christ, with more than king's
 command,
 Both ruled and taught the nation,

Father and pastor of thy country, hear us!
 Let still, through thee, the hope of pardon cheer us;
 From every stain of fault and error clear us;
 O hear, and save, Columba!

May he from whom forgivenesses flow,
 On us, wash'd from our guilt, a home bestow;
 Commend us and all catholics below,
 To heaven's king, Columba!

Be everlasting praise and glory meet,
 To Father, Son, and holy Paraclete,—
 One only sovereign Lord, whose royal seat
 Is over all, for ever. Amen.

V.—The righteous shall flourish, &c.

A.—O Columba, who whilst yet on earth, didst always
 bring seasonable help to those who supplicated thee, now
 in heaven, possessing all things in triumph, bestow
 heaven on us.

Ps.—Blessed, &c.

*At Primes and all the other hours, An., De Laud., Cpa.,
 & R., V., from the commune of a confessor and abbot.*

At II. Vespers. A.—Of the holy spirit, &c.

Cpm.—The righteous, &c.

R.—In the world, &c.

Hymn.—Let our assembly, &c.

V.—To the islands, &c.

A.—Columba, hail! of saints the first in grace,
Illustrious islander, of regal race,
Of Christ a faithful worshipper,—all hail!
Drive plague away, and o'er our foes prevail.
Our ears adapt to offerings of praise,—
From vice's, guide us into virtue's, ways. Alleluia.

Ps.—My soul doth magnify, &c.

Oratio, ut supra.

OF ST. ASAPH,

Bishop and Confessor.

At vespers. Prayer.—O God, who hast made thy church illustrious by the glorious miracles of blessed Asaph, thy confessor and bishop, grant to thy servants that, by his intercession, they may happily attain the glory of eternal beatitude. Through our Lord.

Lect. I.—The most reverend prelate Kentigern, after having been regularly and legitimately consecrated by the most holy Pope Gregory, at Rome, easily the city of all cities, returned to Scotland. At that time a most estimable and reverend father, Asaph by name, having been educated from his tender childhood to follow Christ and his most distinguished saints, was endeavouring to attach himself to these above all things. Still he applied his mind to the imitation, beyond the rest, of his most excellent preceptor and by God most beloved, Kentigern, Bishop of Glasgow, who was pre-eminent in doctrine, in his rule of living, and in morals. For this Asaph, consecrated to God from his early age, in the integrity of his boyhood and mind, leaving parents, patrimony, and whatever other possessions he had, lavishly bestowed all his said possessions in piously and benevolently ministering to widows, the sick, the blind, and the lame.

Lect. II.—But on a certain night when the severe cold was grievously pinching, and when, from heaven above, the weather with excessive frost was sharply smiting all things below, by the admonition and paternal order, as if to a son, of the most reverend Kentigern his preceptor, the blessed Asaph is sent to the hut of a certain rustic, for the purpose of bringing back fire, with which he might warm his master Kentigern and the servants whom he had with him. When he asked fire however, this rustic sufficiently wild and imprudent, said to the blessed Asaph,—“Unless you carry away fire for your master in a fold of your cloak, you shall take little or nothing from this.” But St. Asaph replied,—“In my cloak and mantle I will, with the help of God, take fire, that I may the more immediately return to the blessed Kentigern my preceptor, who even now expects me shivering.”

Lect. III.—And immediately the rustic, sharply and with a certain violence, threw into the bosom of the blessed Asaph, a heap of burning coals, which he took to St. Kentigern. And the blessed Kentigern said to him, “My son, throw the coals which you carry in your cloak down on the floor;” when afterwards no sign of fire was apparent on the cloak. But the blessed Kentigern seeing the holiness of the said man, and that the highest grace of God had been implanted in him, as also that he was acceptable to the clergy, and to all the people, by the will of God and the grace of the Holy Ghost, caused him on account of his merits, to be promoted to the dignity of the episcopate. And he committed to the blessed Asaph, the monastery over which long previously he had himself presided in Wales. There, with all clemency and holiness of life, and with other great miracles shewn by him, he accomplished his last days, and there also he was buried.

OF ST. BALDRED,

Bishop and Confessor.

Orat.—O God, who through the contemplative life of the blessed Baldred, thy bishop and confessor, hast conferred ineffable grace on thy servants; grant, we beseech thee, that by his merits and intercessions we may be able to obtain in all things the saving help of thy mercy. Through the Lord, &c.

Lect. I.—The most reverend father and most holy bishop Kentigern having, in the Ides of January, in the hundred and eighty-third year of his age, and in the five hundred and third year of our salvation and of grace, at the city of Glasgow over which he presided, after various and very many miracles divinely shewn by him, been translated to the heavens with the attendance of an angelic choir; the blessed Baldred who had been a suffragan of the said blessed Kentigern while he was living in the world, flourished in Lothian, a man truly most devout, and one who, renouncing all the pomp of the world and vain care of the same, and following as far as he could the divine John, dwelt in solitary deserts and sequestered places, and betook himself to islands of the sea.

Lect. II.—Among which islands of the sea he went to one called the Bass, where he led an indubitably contemplative and strict life, in which through long courses of time, by contemplating his preceptor, the most blessed Kentigern, and the sanctity of his life in constant meditation, he commended him to memory. He did not cease, however, to impress on the secrets of his heart preferably to his other meditations, by vigils and continual prayers, in fasts, tears, and lamentation, the most bitter passion of Christ; insomuch that he rendered himself pleasing and acceptable to God and to men, everywhere throughout the world.

Lect. III.—But moreover in the parochial churches of Aldhame, Cunnynghame, and Prestoune, the government of which he had received from the same most reverend father Kentigern, to whom also by the appointment of God, the care of souls was committed, he by no means allowed the preaching of the faith of Christ to his parishioners to be forgotten, but instructed and informed the same with humility and devotion as befitted the ministry of God. And through the divine power, by a word, the sign of the cross only being used, he healed the sick if he found any, and restored them to health.

Lect. IV.—And among other remarkable miracles of his, one sufficiently worthy of memory comes to be recited. A huge rock and naturally lofty, remained fast and immoveable in the middle of the passage between the said island and the nearest land, maintaining itself against the waves of the sea, and very grievously opposing itself to ships and other craft as an impediment by which vessels were wont occasionally to suffer shipwreck. For the sake of which, Baldred, moved by piety, appointed himself to be set on the said rock. When this had been done, that rock at his nod is straightway pulled up, and like a boat impelled by a favourable wind, approached the nearest shore; and till now it remains there in memory of this

miracle, and even at this day is called the tomb or the cock-boat of the blessed Baldred.

Lect. V.—But at length, in consequence of the labours and troubles of this most miserable life, arriving at such frailty that in order to the better instructing of those whom he had to govern, he appointed them by letter to attend at the church of Aldhame; where not long after this, in a certain cottage of his parish minister, on the day before the Nones of March, with all patience and alacrity and compunction of heart, while every one around was lamenting the departure of so excellent a pastor out of the frail world from his flock, bidding them farewell with much prayer, he commended his soul to the Lord.

Lect. VI.—When it had been heard by the foresaid parishioners of the three churches that their most meek and gentle pastor had ascended out of this life to the heavens, they assembled in three bands at the place of the most sweet body of Baldred; and they by turns on this side and on that with the utmost eagerness demanded the body, and urgently begged that him whom they had for their teacher on earth they might, by shewing him due reverence, have for their pious intercessor in the heavens. When they were unable to agree among themselves, on the advice of a certain old man they left the body unburied during the night, and all separately betook themselves to prayers, that the glorious God himself would, of his grace send them some sign indicating on which church the body of the holy man should be conferred. But when it was morning, a thing not often to be heard of is prepared. The scattered parishioners assembling as at first with their bands, found three similar bodies laid out with similar pomp of funereal solemnities; for which miracle they gave thanks with the greatest gladness to almighty God and the blessed Baldred; and singing and playing, each parish having lifted up one body with its bier, carried it with all reverence away to

their own church and placed it honourably there, and to this day the bodies are held in the greatest honour and reverence, and venerated accordingly.

OF ST. CONWAL,

Confessor.



Prayer.—Enlighten, O Lord, we beseech thee, our hearts and our bodies, by the benignant intercession of the blessed Conwal thy confessor, that with sincere mind we may be able to love Thee, the true God. Through our Lord.

Lect. I.—St. Conwal, eminent in the primitive church of the Scotch for marvellous signs and virtues, was a disciple of St. Kentigern. For his father was a king of the Irish, and his mother was sister of a certain prince there. But he, although as the future heir of a kingdom he had been born to a higher prospect, yet preferring the free service of Christ, and admonished by an angelical oracle, abandoned his paternal hearth, and by a wonderful kind of navigation came as far as Scotland.

Lect. II.—For as he stood on the shore, he saw behind him an unstable world from which he had escaped, and before him a boisterous ocean. Turning to the Lord he prayed, saying,—“O God, whose right hand lifted up the blessed apostle Peter, that when walking on the billows he was not drowned, command me to be borne, by whatsoever means, to the regions beyond the sea.” A marvellous thing;—the stone on which the saint was standing,

as if it had been a light little boat, conveyed the saint safe to the bank of the river Clyde, and there, staying its course, is called the carriage of St. Conwal.

Lect. III.—Therefore by the touch of this same stone, or by washing with its water, as is daily seen even now, many sick men are cured, and cattle besides, with whatever trouble they may have been afflicted. Then the saint went round the monasteries and cloisters, seeking out a suitable man to whom he might submit himself, for the purpose of being instructed in the discipline of a regular life. For he heard that St. Kentigern the bishop excelled the rest in sanctity, wherefore, going to him, he became his disciple.

Lect. IV.—But lest the distinguished virtues of this blessed man should have too slight a hold on the hearts of the faithful, we will endeavour, on this day's solemnity, to notice some particulars. For a certain man who was deprived of the use of his feet, and whose feet were so curved that they adhered to his hips, eagerly set out from Ireland, whence the blessed man had derived his origin, and before an image of him the poor man persisted through three days' vigils; but in the course of the last vigil, the blessed Conwal seemed to appear to him in a dream, and, touching the crooked limbs with his hand, made them sound.

Lect. V.—A certain woman likewise who was suffering the intolerable torture of calculus, was cured by the intercession of the blessed man. A dropsical man, moreover, as also one who was almost consumed by worms, who could be cured by no medical treatment, were both restored to health by the merits of the blessed Conwal.

Lect. VI.—He relieved besides, from their afflictions, persons variously diseased, the infirm of all sorts, and the blind, who came one after another, from every

quarter on this side and that, seeking the blessed man devoutly. All likewise who were ill or sick, by whatsoever malady they might be distressed, had their just wishes accomplished. And this Conwal is worshipped as chief patron at Inchinnan.

. OF ST. PALLADIUS,

Bishop and Confessor.

Oratio.—O God, who, for the people of the Scots, had provided the blessed bishop Palladius, at once an apostle and a doctor of the catholic faith, grant us, we beseech thee, that by his intervention we may attain thine ineffable mercy, and through thy mediation enjoy eternal life. Through the Lord.

Lect. I.—The distinguished bishop Palladius sprang, illustrious by birth, from an Egyptian family, in the time of Evagrius the monk, an extremely religious man, who is said to have been a disciple both of Macarius the elder and Macarius the younger. While his juvenile years warred against him, he fought holily and devoutly under the garb and the rule of the religious, through whose instruction and christian regimen he acquired the knowledge necessary for preaching the faith. And he, shortly afterwards, having in consequence of his approved life received a revelation from an angel, said to his fellow-warriors,—“Surely it is fitting, if we be willing to follow him whom we preach, that we openly teach to others those things which we have learned, in honour of him who ministers

every one of them to us ; and that we investigate what, relatively to this faith, we less perfectly understand, by faithfully learning from others."

Lect. II.—But by the admonition of the foresaid angel, he came out of Egypt to Rome, where, by pope Celestine, he was in the highest degree esteemed and valued ; and on account of the holiness of his life at that time, he was, by the said blessed Celestine, in the grace of the holy spirit, instituted as a bishop. Meanwhile, the blessed Celestine, animated with a zeal of God, strengthened by divine support, and desirous of extending the orthodox faith among the Scots,—in the eleventh year of the reign of Eugenius of that name the second, king of Scots, and in the four hundred and twenty-fourth year of our Saviour Jesus Christ, persuaded Palladius whom he had lately ordained a prelate and soldier of the faith, to preach the Roman and catholic faith to the nation of the Scots.

Lect. III.—To which things assenting, he willingly agreed with all the humility that can be named ; and taking with him some monks, and many other God-fearing men of approved life, he set out, carrying a divine legation *de latere*, for Scotland, in the manner following ;—“ Receive as the lot of thy apostolate the kingdom of the Scots, and do the work of an evangelist ; for God is able to give thee increase of grace.”

Lect. IV.—And so bishop Palladius, having said farewell to the most blessed Celestine, along with his fellow soldiers, illustrious men who in no wise dreaded the perils of the sea, came into Scotland. Before their arrival the foresaid nation in great part held the faith of Christ, through Marcus and Dionysius, religious men who flourished while Victor the first, who for the name of Christ suffered a cruel martyrdom, presided over the Roman church ; and they possessed doctors of the faith, presbyters and monks, who followed however only the rite

and custom of the primitive church ; in witness of whose history a song follows :—

Ten score and three years from Christ's birth had pass'd,
Ere Scotland gospel light received at last,
While Victor, first, as pope at Rome still reigned ;
Who from Severus' hands the palm obtained.

Lect. V.—The famous king Eugenius, most illustrious monarch of the Scots, was then reigning ; and he rejoicing, honourably received Palladius, with those who accompanied him. For he delivered to them various possessions and houses to dwell in ; and Palladius with his followers, preaching and publishing the gospel throughout the whole kingdom, declared the word of God. But going through the whole of Scotland they came as far as Culross ; in which place the blessed Palladius found St. Servanus, a man devout, gentle, and pious ; whom, as his merits required, he ritually ordained a bishop according to the catholic manner of the Roman church, and divinely instructed him in the same faith. And because he alone, was by no means equal to take charge of the ministry and doctrine of the church for so great a nation, he appointed Servanus, the saint of God, his suffragan over the whole nation of the Scots.

Lect. VI.—Then while he traversed the neighbouring provinces, he thoroughly taught the word of life and the wholesome doctrines of the church, at the same time he ordained the festivals and their solemnities to be observed, and the ecclesiastical sacraments to be ministered and decently received ; he consecrated churches, appointed for them the proper sacerdotal vestments, and ordered the canonical hours to be solemnly said by the same, as the Roman church commanded. He ordained priests and others as ministers in the church of God ; he preached that sins should be confessed to priests ; and thenceforth very many miracles were daily wrought by him ; insomuch that all the people esteemed and venerated him as one sent

by God from heaven. Meanwhile, among his other magnificent gests, when Ternanus the bishop was born, he was deemed by the attendants to be of a weakly nature, and they greatly doubted of his life; so because they were afraid of carrying him to the church to receive the sacrament of baptism, he was absent; and then the blessed Palladius, who had no water wherewith to baptize the boy, having made a little sign of the cross by tearing up the turf on the earth, an unfailing fountain of spring water bubbled up before all; in which place, after invoking the name of the holy spirit, he baptised the blessed boy, giving him the name of Ternanus; and he afterwards, in all manner of living, followed Palladius as his preceptor and father. At length the blessed Palladius, various miracles having been divinely manifested by him, full of years, rested in a blessed peace at Longforgan in the Mearns.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

KENTIGERN has been placed first among the Saints referred to in the foregoing extracts, partly because his is the principal figure in the group, and partly because the ritual commemoration conferred on him by the Scottish Church is so peculiarly full and florid. Nevertheless, for obvious reasons, it will be convenient to give his mother the precedence in the following pages.

I. ST. THENEW.

Aberdeen Breviary, I. Prop. Sanct. fol. xxiv.
18th July.

It will be observed that, in the legend dedicated to the memory of this lady, the paternity of her illegitimate son is left in obscurity, and that her own father's name, though he is spoken of as "the King," is not mentioned. On the other hand, in the first of the lections devoted to Kentigern, we are distinctly told that "Eugenius, King of Cumbria" was his father, and "Thenew, daughter of Loth King of Lothian," his mother. By the maternal side accordingly, he is held to have been a grandson of an ancient monarch from whom the district still known as the Lothians, is alleged to have derived that name.

Now, possibly this *nominis umbra* may yet be reclaimed by authentic history; but for the present it is mainly mythical, though rich with the various interest of doubt, wonder, bootless speculation, and bewildering romance.

According to Geoffrey of Monmouth,* Lot was a nephew of Sichelin, King of Norway, whose succession he ultimately, with the help of the renowned King Arthur, recovered and enjoyed. Augusel, King of the Scots, and Urian, King of

* Lib. ix. S. 11.

Mureif, were his brothers;* and in the preceding book, where he is also called Leir,† he is described as "Lot of Londonesia," "a most valiant knight, ripe in wisdom and in age," to whom the King Uther Pendragon "had given his daughter Anne" in marriage; and whom he had moreover entrusted with the care of his kingdom during his own illness. Geoffrey says expressly that this "Anne," as well as Arthur, was born to Uther by the beautiful Igerna, after and in consequence of the celebrated intrigue devised by the magician Merlin, and carried into effect through his enchantments;‡ but affirms besides, and quite as expressly, that Lot had "married her in the time of Aurelius Ambrosius."|| Among these assertions there is necessarily a gross blunder somewhere, for it was on the death of Aurelius Ambrosius that Uther Pendragon succeeded to the British Crown; and he had occupied the throne for some time before Merlin's wicked devices enabled him to destroy the Duke of Tintagel, and take possession of Igerna. Geoffrey, a Bishop, and in those days presumed to have been a Coelebs, may be excused for some ignorance of the feminine economy; but he must have supposed girls to be very precocious indeed, if he believed that Anne was espoused by King Loth some time, more or less, before her own father and mother had ever seen each other.

Be this as it may, he informs us that by the said Anne, Loth became the father of Walgan, the famous Gawayne of round-table romance, and of Modred, or Mordred, who is described as, though brave, yet basely disloyal. "When Arthur," says our authority,§ "on the approach of summer was anxious to attack Rome, and had begun to scale the mountains, it was reported to him that his nephew Modred, to whose charge he had entrusted Britain, had by tyranny and treason usurped the crown; and that the queen, Ganhumara, in violation of her first nuptials, had incestuously married him." According to this account, the frail Guenevere, or Ganhumara, became, scandalously enough, the aunt of Glasgow's own renowned St. Mungo.

Fordun presents us with a somewhat different version of the story,¶ "When Uther, King of the Britons," he says, "as also his brother Aurelius of good memory, had through the perfidy of the Saxons perished by poison, his son Arthur by a faction of certain persons succeeded to the kingdom, which however

* Lib. ix. S. 9.

† Lib. viii. S. 21.

‡ Lib. viii. S. 20.

§ Lib. ix. S. 9.

¶ Lib. x. S. 13.

¶ Scotichron, Lib. iii. cap. 24, Goodall's Edition.

was not due to him of right, inasmuch as he was born in adultery of Igerna, the wife of Gorlois Duke of Cornwall, in the castle of Tintagel, through the unheard-of art of the prophet Merlin, as Galfridus at large in his book *De Bruto* attests; but to Anne, sister that is of Aurelius, or rather to her children, because she, procreated of a legitimate marriage, was matrimonially united to the Consul Loth, Scottish Lord of Lothian and King of Norway, who was derived from the noble race of Duke Fulgentius. By her he had two sons, Galwanus and the elder Modred, whom some indeed, but erroneously, report to have been otherwise procreated; as also that holy woman called Thaness, the mother of Kentigern; whence by the right of legitimate succession the kingdom of Britain was due to Modred."

According to this account, Anne the wife of Loth was not the daughter, but the sister of Uther Pendragon, and not the sister but the aunt of Arthur. The critical faculty was certainly not very bright or vigorous in the mind of Fordun, and his patriotic desire to establish Modred's title to the British crown probably, in the absence of valid evidence, had more than its rightful share in determining his conclusions. Nevertheless, in the romancing Galfridus,—Geoffrey of Monmouth that is,—he had obviously detected the blot of self-contradiction which has been referred to above, and he did his honest best, under the influence of a venial bias, to reconcile the alleged facts with one another. In the preface to the old Romance of "Syr Gawayne," Sir F. Madden, alluding to the extract given above from Geoffrey of Monmouth, says "this passage is singularly misunderstood by Fordun,"—a censure which the best of our early chroniclers scarcely deserved; for "the passage" in question is certainly not intelligible; and the innocent perplexity displayed by Fordun on the subject might have exempted him from any graver reproach than that of placing too much reliance on a less scrupulous writer than himself. His concluding sentences are simple, quaint, and in their way almost pathetic. *Haec sagaciori lectori ad retractandum remitto, quia ea ad concordiam reducere de facili non video. Verius tamen credo, sicut alibi legi, Modredum, fuisse sororium Arthuri; et si sic, habemus intentum.**

It was to be expected that Hector Boece would contemplate the subject, like Fordun, from the Scottish national point of view, and that he would envelope it with the cloudy pomp of

* Lib iii. cap. 21.

his own peculiar rhetoric. Accordingly he does both. Having described Loth as "an elegant youth of lordly stature and very desirous of glory," he goes on to say,* "Aurelius had two sisters, of great beauty, Anna and Ada, both virgins. Of these he gave Anna, the eldest, to Loth; the other to Conran, brother of the Scottish King, in marriage. The latter, having been conducted by her husband with great pomp into Scotland, survived scarcely two years; for having died in childbirth, along with her infant, there was an end of the alliance contracted with Ambrosius. By the former Loth had children, but after some years, Mordred, Wawaine, and Thames,"—our Thenew. Afterwards Boece adds,† "contemporaneous with Columba was the illustrious prelate Kentigern, descended of a royal stock; for he was born of the divine Thames,—Themis as others think,—when a certain noble youth,—there are some who assert that it was King Eugenius, of whom we have lately made mention,—violated her chastity by force." This Eugenius is said,‡ on a previous page, to have been the son of Congallus, and a co-militant of Arthur in his wars against the Saxons; but the character which Boece has vaguely drawn for him is already so dark that the legend of St. Thenew, in its worst form, could not possibly stain it. Thus, obviously, Hector Boece, whencesoever he may have derived his information, concurs with Fordun respecting the name of Loth's wife, Anne, and her relationship,—that of sister,—to Aurelius Ambrosius and Uther Pendragon. His statement moreover betrays an appearance of having been carefully and patriotically framed with the purpose of countenancing the right to the British Crown, which was asserted for Mordred through his mother Anne, on the assumption of Arthur's illegitimacy.

"The Chronicles of Britany," says Ellis,|| in his "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romance," "state that Uther had two daughters, one of which, Anne, was married to Budic, King of Britany, and another, whose name is not mentioned, to Loth of Londonesia. This is also assumed by Geoffrey himself in other parts of his work." The accomplished Editor of the "Specimens" has here, unintentionally no doubt, aggravated our perplexity on a question which was intricate and obscure enough before. It is not clear whether, by "the Chronicles of Britany," in the note here quoted, he means the work itself, of which his text so annotated contains an analytical outline; or some other compilation to which he has given

* Fol. 150.—Ed. Paris 1576. † Fol. 167. ‡ Fol. 163. || Vol. I. p. 59, *Nota*.

no distinct reference. If the former supposition be correct, as seems after all most probable, he has certainly not expressed himself with his usual care; and he has given us a statement which taxes Geoffrey with a self-contradiction that we have failed to verify. Is it possible that he can have inadvertently misinterpreted the following sentence? *—*Erat autem Hoelus filius sororis Arturi ex Dubricio rege Armoricanorum Britonum generatus?* But Hoel was a son of a sister of Arthur by Dubricius (Dubric) King of the Armorican Britons.

Sir F. Madden, recapitulating the view of Loth's domestic relations which is presented by the romances of the round-table cycle, says in his introduction to *Syr Gawayne*,† "Walwanus was the eldest son of Loth, sovereign of the province of Lothian and the adjacent territories, including the Orkneys, (!) by Anna, half-sister of Arthur." In "*Syr Gawayne and the Grene Knight*" it is true, we read that "gode Gawan" and *Agrauayn a la dure mayn* were "bothe the kinges sister sunes and ful siker knyghtes;" but it becomes otherwise clear that the lady thus referred to was Arthur's half-sister only, being a daughter by a previous marriage of Igerna or Igrayne, ultimately the wife of Uther Pendragon. It may be observed however that, although from Geoffrey's so called history to the romances there is hardly even a step, yet in this latter department of literature she is, as we shall immediately see, no longer named Anne. Sir F. Madden seems to have retained that name for the sake of convenience, or perhaps in deference to the authority of the old Bishop Galfridus.

In "*The Byrth, Lyf, and Actis of King Arthur*," as reprinted in 1817 under Southey's editorial care,‡ we read,—"*Anone lyke a lusty knyghte he*" (Uther Pendragon) "*assented thereto, (i.e., to the wedding of Igrayne), 'with good wille, and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and joye. And Kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkney then wedded Margause that was Gaweyn's moder. And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlott wedded Elayne. Al this was done at the request of kynge Uther. And the thyrd sister Morgan le fey was put to scole in a nonnery. And there she lerned so moche that she was a grete Clerke of Nygromancye. And after she was wedded to kynge Uryens of the lond of Gore that was Syre Ewayns le blaunche maynis fader.'*"

By way of accounting for the abrupt introduction of this quotation, it is necessary to state that, in the preceding part

* Lib. ix. S. 2.

† P. xli.

‡ Vol. i. p. 4.

of the narrative there is not one word to indicate the parentage, the collateral affinities, or even the existence of the three ladies, Margawse, Elayne, and Morgan le Fey. In the romance they present themselves quite as unceremoniously as they do in our last paragraph. And the extract which we have given clearly implies that the two elder sisters were severally married to Loth and Nentres, while the third and younger was sent to a nunnery, on the occasion of Uther's wedding the fair Igrayne; so that they certainly could not have been his daughters by her, and so far the view of Geoffrey is negatived by the romance-writer. They might still, however, consistently with all that has hitherto met us from this new source of information, have been Uther's sisters in accordance with the statements of Fordun and Boece; though the scope of the narrative again would rather seem to countenance the supposition that they were Igraine's daughters by a former connection. This last turns out to be the correct notion, though it is not quite free from difficulties; for critics in such matters will be sure to challenge the probability of a narrative which represents the mother of ripe and marriageable daughters as still possessing charms sufficient to attract such a man as Uther Pendragon. Be this as it may, in a passage* which throws some lurid light on the ethical style of the round-table romances, while it also explains an innuendo regarding the parentage of Mordred quoted above from Fordun, and sets the question of relationship between Arthur and Loth's wife at rest, so far as this work is concerned, we read as follows:—
 "Thenne after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors, kyng Arthur rode unto Carlyon. And thyder came to hym kyng Lots wife of Orkeney in maner of a message, but she was sente thyder to aspye the courte of kynge Arthur, and she cam rychely besene with her four sones, Gawayn, Gaherys, Agraunaynes, and Gareth, with many other knyghtes and ladyes, for she was a passynge fayr lady, wherefore the kynge cast grete loue vnto her and desyred to lye by her, so they were agreed, and he begat upon her Mordred, and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne. So ther she rested her a moneth and at last departed. Thenne the kyng dremed a merueillous dreme wereof he was sore adrad. But at this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster.

Clearly then, according to this representation, Margause, or

* Vol. i. p. 81.

Anna, or whatever else, the wife of Loth was the half-sister of Arthur on the mother's side; and the presumption arising on this view is that she was the daughter of Igrayne by Gorlois duke of Tintagel. But on turning to another romance of the round-table cycle, *Arthour and Merlin* viz., we learn that Uther Pendragon, instead of the second, was the fourth husband of that fair lady; and that Loth's wife was her daughter, not by Gorlois of Tintagel, the third, but by Hoel of Cornwall, the second of the four. Speaking of Uther this new oracle says,*

"Thurch his might also he wan
The douhti king Harman,
And of him he had first Gascoigne,
And Normandye and Bologne,
And al the marche to Paito,
And Champeine, and eke Ange.
This ich King Harman
To wive had a fair wuman;
Sche hight Igerne withouten no,
The fairest lif that lived tho;
The douk Hoel of Cornewalle
Spoused her after him saunfayl;
Thurch whom seththen his luf he lee,
Ye schal seththen here in pes."

It might have been supposed that, in the close of this extract, the writer confounds Hoel of Cornwall with Gorlois of Tintagel, and alludes to the fate, like that of Uriah the Hittite, met by the latter at the hands of Uther Pendragon. Another passage from the same romance † will correct that rash surmise:—

"Long thereafterward verrament
Was y-made acordement
Betvene Ygerne and the king
Thurch heighe mennes conseyling,
And tho was jugged withouten faile
Be heighe mennes conseyll,
The king was jugged Ygern to spouse,
Thereof Ygerne was ioiouse.
King Nantres of Garlot
Ther nam Blasine God it wot,
Ygernes douhter bi Hoel,
Hir lord was bifor Tintagel;
In whom he bigat Galaas
That strong and hardi and noble was;
King Lot ther nam Belisent,
Also Ygern's douhter gent,
In whom he seththe bigat Wawein
And Guerches and Agreinein,
And Gaheriet that was so fre;
For better knightes no might non be.
King Uriens the thridde nam,
That was King of Schorham,
In whom he bigat Ywayns,
Hende and noble and knight certeyns,

* Pages 81-82, Abbotsford Club Edition.

† Page 97-98.

These three sustren were bi Heel,
 And other mo bi Tintagel,
 That elles where were ta loke ;
 So we finde writen in boke.
 Al four made spousing
 Togider and swithe fair gostening;
 Ther was justes and turnamens;
 Swithe noble verramens;
 The fest lasted fourtennight
 To al that ever cam y-plight."

Again, precisely the same details are repeated, at a subsequent stage of the narrative,* only Guerches appears there as Gueheres. And it may be noted, in passing, that we read, on an intermediate page,† of

" King Lot that held londes too,
 Leonis and Dorkaine also ;"

these being probably the most curious names under which Lothian and Orkney have ever elsewhere appeared. Here and there, in the round-table or Arthurian romances, other notices of Loth occur incidentally. For instance, in "The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes," we read,‡ that when Arthur aspired to the British crown, "som of hem lough him to scorne, as King Lot and mo other called him a wytch." Moreover, from "Arthour and Merlin" we learn|| that Lot had a testing-pull at the sword "y-hot Estalibore,"—(as it would be absurd to suppose that there were two such weapons, we must conclude the genuine one has been variously represented),—of course in the hope that he might himself have the good fortune to succeed Uther Pendragon on the British throne.

" King Lot proved verrament
 Out it to draw anon right,
 Ac he no myght for al his might."

Now here Loth is already presented to us as one of those who scouted and opposed Arthur's succession to the British crown on the death of Uther. This alleged fact, although in the state of things at the time as described by Geoffrey of Monmouth, extremely natural or even almost inevitable, does not appear distinctly on the face of any other of the documents that have been cited above. Nevertheless it seems to be vaguely affirmed by the "Byrth, Lyf, and Actes" in the following statement,§ which immediately succeeds the account of Arthur's final recognition and coronation:—"Whanne this was done that the kyng had stablissshed alle the countreyes about london, thenne he lete make Syr kay sencial of Englonde, and

* Pages 169-70. † Page 189. ‡ Vol. i. p. 12. || Page 105. § Vol. i. p. 10, note.

air Baudewyn of Bretayne was made Constable and sir Ulfyus was made chamberlayn. And sire Brastias was made wardeyn to wayte upon the northe fro Trent forwardes for it was y^t tyme y^e most party the kynges enemyes. But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the north Scotland, and alle that were under their obeissance. Also Walys a parte of it held ayenst Arthur, but he ouercam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble prowesse of hymself and his knyghtes of the round table." Now though it is not expressly said that Loth was involved in the five years' struggle with the northern chiefs, the language taken in its natural sense, clearly implies that he was; and the view thus suggested is confirmed by the consideration that he never appears on Arthur's side until after peace had been somehow re-established between the British sovereign and the reguli to the north of the Trent.

Neither does Geoffrey of Monmouth specially name Loth as one of those who took part in the early opposition to Arthur. According to that writer, the young and heroic sovereign of Britain was withstood in the north by the Saxons, under Colgrin and in alliance with the Scots and the Picts. After a brilliant victory, Arthur besieged these formidable allies in York, but deemed it prudent to retire from the siege on learning that sixty ships with troops from Germany were hastening to the relief of their countrymen. His own strength however, having been recruited by the arrival at Southampton of fifteen thousand auxiliaries under the command of his nephew, Hoel the king of Armorica, he defeated the enemy at Lincoln, and chased the fugitives into the forest of Caledon. There he forced the Saxons to surrender, and permitted them, after they had abandoned their plunder and engaged to remit tribute from Germany, to set sail professedly for home. Once fairly at sea however, they changed their minds, landed at Totness, ravaged the country northwards to the Severn, and laid Siege to Bath. Incensed beyond measure, as well as surprised, at this perfidious conduct, Arthur summarily hanged the hostages who had been left in his hands, relinquished the operations which he had begun for the reduction of the Scots and Picts to obedience, and hastened southwards with a heavy heart because, on account of that chief's illness, he was constrained to leave his nephew Hoel at Dumbarton (Alclud.) Having traversed Somerset, and come in sight of the beleaguered city, he put on a coat of mail befitting so great a king, and a golden helmet sculptured with the figure of a dragon. From his

shoulders was suspended his shield called Priwen, bearing a picture of Holy Mary Deipara. He was girded also with Caliburn, the best of swords, fabricated in the Island of Avallon, and in his right hand he bore the deadly spear whose name was Ron. A terrific battle ensued, lasting from morning till sunset, when Arthur drew his famous Caliburn, and having slain four hundred and seventy men with that single weapon, decided the fate of the day. Colgrin and his brother Baldulph, with many thousands more, were killed, and Chelderic straightway betook himself to flight. Entrusting the charge of the pursuit to Cadur, the duke of Cornwall, who drove the discomfited Saxons into the Isle of Thanet and compelled them to surrender at discretion, Arthur with the utmost expedition retraced his steps to Dumbarton, where, as he had heard, his sick nephew Hoel was besieged by the Scots and the Picts. A succession of conflicts waged among the sixty islands of Loch Lomond established the supremacy of the young hero in this region also; and one issue of the conquest was the restoration by Arthur of Augusel, Urien, and Loth to the dignities which, under Aurelius Ambrosius and Uther Pendragon, they had formerly enjoyed in Scotland, Mureif, and Londonesia.

Thus the combination of three separate statements, which, if not derived from sources altogether mutually independent, were obviously not framed with any intention that they should fit into, explain, or support each other, might almost beguile the reader into the fancy that, among a mass of wildly confused details, he had detected one brief chapter of veritable and consistent history. If we only assume that the general conditions, including the relations alleged to have subsisted between the various parties and personages, under which Arthur is said to have obtained the British crown, ever really existed, then nothing can be more natural or full of verisimilitude, than the series of incidents placed by this combination between the final settlement of the succession at London and the peace with the northern chiefs at Loch Lomond. Nor is it impossible that there may be dislocated fragments of otherwise unrecorded fact, here and there among the quaint traditions and fictions of ecclesiastical legend and mediæval romance; but it would be rash to conclude that what may be merely a casual co-incidence or harmony among a few documents, should be accepted as evidence of authentic truth; and no solid basis has been yet discovered on which the acutest critic could reconstruct the history of the men and times belonging to the Arthurian period.

Everything else that it seems necessary to say regarding the life, character, and geste of Loth, so far as we have heard anything about them, as well as a curious notice of his death and burial, will find their appropriate places in the sequel. And surely we need not pretend to weigh, in any kind of critical balance, such testimony as has reached us regarding the parentage of our St. Thenew. It may nevertheless be observed that the theory which makes the wife of Loth and mother of Thenew a sister of Uther Pendragon and the aunt of King Arthur, had obviously no better foundation than a conjecture of Fordun, accepted indeed by Boece and some later writers, but certainly resorted to at the first for no better reason than because it offered a feasible way of escape from an apparent anachronism with which the pages of Geoffrey of Monmouth were found to be embarrassed. St. Thenew then, Thames, Thanos, Themis, Thametis, or Thenetta,—for thus, or even yet more diversely is she named,—was the daughter, legitimate so far as appears, of Lot, Loth, or Leudonus, regulus of the province in North Britain, which came, after him, to be called Leudonia, Londonensis, or the Lothians. This brave and handsome chief is moreover reported to have been the nephew and eventually, by Arthur's help, the successor of Sichelin, king of Norway; while his brothers, Augusel and Urian, were of princely rank, the former being regulus of the Scots, and the latter holding the same dignity in Mureif or the province of Moray.* His wife was Anna, Margawse, or Belisent, the full sister, says Geoffrey very distinctly, but more probably the half-sister of Arthur, being the daughter of Igera, or Igraine, not by Uther Pendragon, but by either Hoel duke of Cornwall, or Gorlois duke of Tintagel. Concerning the domestic history of king Loth and this lady, praetermitting the scandalous anecdote quoted above from the "Byrth, Lyf, and Actes, &c." we have received no information whatever beyond the names of their three or six children, and the few particulars which shall immediately meet us in connection with the singular adventures of one of their number. To Geoffrey† only two sons of the union, Sir Gawaine, the most courteous of knights, and the traitor Mordred, if he was indeed Loth's son, seem to have been known; and here also he is followed by his too trustful disciple Fordun. To these the romance of "Arthour and Merlin" adds Gueheres, Agrenain, and Gaheriet; but these brothers, whether there were five or only two of them,

* ? Menteith.

† Lib. ix. S. 9.

appear to have had no more than one sister, and she was St. Thenew, the mother of St. Kentigern.

It is curious, and from some points of view instructive, to observe that, subsequently to the stage which our enquiry has reached, the legends and the romances, or the ecclesiastical and the secular fictions, diverge into wholly distinct and separate channels. In the former class of compositions we have not the slightest hint of any relationship between the renowned king Arthur and the great western saint or his mother; while in the latter class, the names of Thenew and Kentigern never occur at all, under any of their divers forms. Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose work holds an intermediate place between the two classes of compositions, appears to have known nothing of any daughter born to Loth and Anna. As for Fordun and Boece, so far as they did not rely on Geoffrey, they seem to have derived all their information from the earlier hagiographers, to whom we must immediately resort. All that has been contributed to the subject by some of our later writers,—among whom Major, Bale, and Leslie, may be named,—really amounts to nothing.

But happily there is no penury as regards the ecclesiastical element; or unhappily rather in some respects, for it is certainly easier to analyse one single statement than, it is to summarize and digest the contents of several documents. The legend, it is true, as presented to us by the Aberdeen Breviary, is of very secondary consideration, not only because the various lections appear anonymously and without date, but mainly because most of them can easily be traced back to the productions of an age long anterior to the time at which they were arranged as we now have them. But besides this comparatively modern compilation, we have access to the Glasgow fragment of a life of Kentigern, anonymous indeed, but written, as the author of it tells us, *intimente venerando Glasguensi episcopo Herberto*, who held the office from A.D. 1147 to A.D. 1164. Of a venerable antiquity, no doubt, nevertheless this document was drawn up somewhere about six centuries after the occurrences which it pretends to record, and therefore can claim no authority whatever as a piece of historical evidence. The writer professes to have derived his materials from some older record—*codicello*—as well as from still living tradition. About this *codicellus* (*codicillus*?) we shall immediately have a word to say; but the probability is that he refers here to nothing much earlier or at all more

authentic than the *Inquisitio* by David, then prince of Cambria, afterwards king and saint, dating about A.D. 1116, along, it may be, with other instruments of the same kind relating to the restoration of the diocese. For it is to be borne in mind that not only had the primitive institutions of St. Mungo on the Molendinar in the sixth century been swept away by the convulsed politics of the five following ages, but the very memory of them had perished,*—a consideration that materially affects the value of so-called traditions which were revived, or which sprang up, in the days of Alexander I. and St. David. Perhaps our legends were not *wholly* invented in the twelfth century.

The fragment of which we have been speaking is contained in a mutilated MS. exhibiting a very corrupt text; but probably all that ever was in it concerning Thenew, or Thaney, as it calls her, has been preserved; and as printed, under the editorial care of Cosmo Innes, Esq., at the end of his introduction to the "Registrum Episcopatus Glasguensis," its Latin, however shocking to the refined classicist, is more intelligible than many passages of his favourite authors. Another "Vita Kentegerni," written by Jocelin, a monk of Furness, in Lancashire, and dedicated to another Jocelin who was bishop of Glasgow from A.D. 1175 to A.D. 1199, has been transmitted to us, containing several particulars not elsewhere recorded as to Taneu, for such is the name said by this author to have been conferred on our saint when she and her infant were baptized together at Culross. In Jocelin's prologue there are several particulars, not very instructive after all, perhaps, yet possessing some peculiar interest of their own, which may here be mentioned. His primary motives for undertaking to write a new life of the great patron saint of the west, lay partly in his hearty allegiance to Bishop Jocelin personally, and partly in his devotion to the illustrious Kentigern himself; but while telling thus much, he frankly discloses some literary ambition, and reveals a very questionable confidence in his own superior scholarship. He had resolved to execute, if he possibly could, a life which should be sustained *majori auctoritate et evidentiori veritate*, as well as seem to be composed *stilo certiori, quam illa quem* (quam) *vestra frequentat ecclesia*. Now probably he alludes here to the document still partially preserved in the Glasgow fragment, whose *inculta oratio* and *stilus incompositus* deserved his severe censure,

* Regist. Episc. Glasg., Vol. i. p. 6.

even although his own literary workmanship is often faulty, besides being always affected. However, he goes on to say, *Codiculum autem alium, stilo Scotico dictatum, reperi, per totum solæcismis scatentem; diffusius tamen vitam et actus Sancti Pontificis continentem.* Such miserable productions as these, regarding so illustrious a saint, greatly distressed him; *condolui fateor*, he exclaims, *et moleste accepi.* Deeming it absurd that a treasure so precious should be deposited in so base a casket, he resolved that, deriving his materials from the two obnoxious works, supplemented by private enquiries, he would prepare, according to his own poor ability and his patron's (bishop Jocelin's) command,—*juxta modulum meum et preceptum vestrum*,—a worthier receptacle, *si non aurifrisiis aut oloseritis, saltem vel lineis integris.* Then not yet contented with the information derivable from the two despised libelli, he applied himself diligently to the collection of still living tradition. *Circuivi enim per plateas et vicos civitatis*, he says, *juxta mandatum vestrum, querens vitam Sancti Kentigerni descriptam, quem diligit anima vestra.**

The pretentious work, then, which has come down to us from the monk Jocelin of Furness was a compilation of which the materials were ostensibly derived from three distinct sources. 1. There was what we suppose to have been the earlier *vita*, now lost, with the exception of the Glasgow fragment; a composition which, so far as we can judge from the remaining portion, must have been of considerable length, and which, as has been already stated, seems to have reflected the popular belief and gossip, or the folk-lore, concerning St. Mungo in the first half of the twelfth century. 2. Next, there is the *codiculus, stilo Scotico dictatus, per totum solæcismis scatens*, which we may fairly assume to have been the same with the *codicellus* of the Glasgow fragment. Without pretending to define, in a dogmatic way, the sense in which the phrase *stilo Scotico dictatus* ought to be understood, we venture to surmise that the pamphlet in question—a manuscript, of course—was written in the vulgar or vernacular speech prevalent in the west of Scotland—at any rate in and around Glasgow—at the time. What this speech precisely was, who can tell? but we imagine that it was not very different from the nascent English found in *Piers Plowman* and the earlier romances, and therefore believe that a copy of the *codiculus*

* Pinkerton's *Vit. Sano. Scot.*, p. 196.

which so deeply wounded the delicate taste of Jocelin would now form a priceless treasure in the eyes of the "Early English Text Society." But the question with which we are chiefly concerned lies still deeper; nor does it appear to be, by any means, of difficult solution. When we ask whence the matter contained in this homely pamphlet was drawn, it must be distinctly perceived that the only possible answer has, in substance, been already given. That is to say, the tract in the vulgar dialect must have reflected the vulgar belief and gossip concerning Kentigern. It no doubt existed prior to the Glasgow vita which dates from the episcopate of Herbert, and therefore was probably written soon after the beginning of the twelfth century; but it was obviously founded on nothing more authentic than the popular faith of a credulous time.

3. We are told by the Bollandists* that St. Asaph wrote a life of Kentigern; but if such a work ever existed, which may be doubted, it is now wholly unknown. The third, and the only other, document of the kind which has reached us, appeared in the *Nova Legenda* of John Capgrave, printed by Wynkin de Worde in A.D. 1516. This "*Vita Kentigerni*" appears anonymously, and has sometimes been ascribed to Capgrave himself. On this question of authorship we can say nothing; we have never even seen the extremely scarce London edition of Capgrave just alluded to, and derive our knowledge of the work now under consideration solely from the Bollandists, by whom it has been reproduced.† Obviously of later date than any of the documents hitherto spoken of, it may have been compiled from one or more of them, and if not by Capgrave, yet for his "*Nova Legenda*" in the fifteenth century; since, though that collection does not appear to have been printed before A.D. 1516, he himself is said to have died in A.D. 1464. The general result is, that for the legends of St. Thenew and St. Kentigern, we have no historical basis whatever, so far as we have yet seen; nay, that we cannot even refer these legends back to any continuous and unbroken stream of tradition, sustaining itself from the sixth to the twelfth age; and that therefore their origin must be referred to the later of these two periods, when, under the influence of an enthusiasm which culminated in king David, the "sair sanct for the croon," an insatiable demand for such tales was soon met by an abundant supply of them. We may afterwards see what

* Act. Sanct. Jam. II. 97.

† Ibid, p. 98, &c.

qualification, if any, this conclusion requires in so far as it relates to St. Mungo; meanwhile, we must give our attention almost exclusively to his mother Thenew; and we are unable to show that her name had ever been heard of, under any of its forms, prior to the days of bishop Herbert, or the first half of the twelfth century.

The Aberdeen Breviary, it will be observed, says nothing at all about king Loth's faith, while, according to the Glasgow fragment, he was *vir semipaganus*; Jocelin bluntly calls him *paganissimus*, and Capgrave, if for the sake of convenience we may so cite the anonymous author referred to above, says that he was *paganicis implicatus erroribus*. Thenew on the other hand, was a Christian and a devout one, though not yet baptized. Pondering in a morbid way, as all the authorities testify, on the mystery of the miraculous conception, she came to cherish a passionate desire of emulating the holy Mary in her own person, by becoming a virgin mother. But beauty has been the perilous, if not the fatal, dower of female saints since the beginning; and poor Thenew was doomed to be no exception. She was very beautiful, and had a human lover, whose irrepressible importunities were supported by her pagan father, to the utter ruin of her personal tranquillity, as well as to the determination of her future destination and renown. She also became, somehow, the mother of the most celebrated among our native saints, while yet the story of her love and of her maternity continues to be shrouded in an obscurity which is intensified by inconsistencies and contradictions. Who was her admirer, and who was the father of her son?

One of the legends in the Breviary—that relating to Thenew—answers the first of these questions directly; the lover was Ewen, son of the king of Cambria; but it gives us no clue to the solution of the other. The legend of Kentigern, again, without so much as an allusion to any previous wooing or intrigue, tells us distinctly that Eugenius Eufurien, king of Cumbria, was the father of our great western saint; and it may be confidently presumed that the reader of the lections will, without scruple, conclude prince Ewen to have been the same, only at a different stage of his life, with king Eugenius, of Cambria or Strathclyde. The Glasgow fragment assures us quite plainly that Ewen, the son of Erwegende, was the *procus* or wooer, adding parenthetically, *in gestis histrionum vocatur Ewen filius regis Ulien*,—whatever these words may

mean; and the same document tells us, with equal distinctness, that he was the *adolescens imberbis* who, *cum muliebri cultu imbutus*, acquired the honours of paternity. Capgrave says nothing at all about a lover, and scouts the idea of a miraculous conception, but represents Thenew as exulting in the happy conviction that she had attained the great object of her ambition, and now resembled the holy virgin Mary, as, *præsumptuosa audacia et quadam temeritate feminea*, she had wildly dreamt of doing. Accordingly, as we are further told, she denied steadily, and on oath, that she had any knowledge *a quo, vel quando, aut quomodo conceperit*. Between this statement and that of Jocelin there is more than a substantial agreement,—as was to be expected, since obviously the compiler of the *vita* given us by Capgrave, to a considerable extent borrowed both the matter and the phraseology of the monk of Furness. But the former has altogether omitted some curious speculations indulged in by the latter, concerning the reality and the cause or conditions of the ignorance which Thenew obstinately avowed. Jocelin accepted her avowal, and his not very successful attempt to account for the truth of what she said is interesting to us now, chiefly because it shows that although anaesthesia may not have been beneficially employed in those days, yet the thing itself, and at least one method of inducing it—*potus oblivionis quem physici letaragion vocant*—were perfectly well known.

Such, then, is the state of the question as regards the paternal descent of Kentigern, and it can hardly be deemed satisfactory. Still the evidence, if it deserve the name, is clear enough, for except Ewen or Eugenius, we have no candidate for the honour. Now Eugenius is a name of familiar occurrence on the pages of our older annalists; and a very reputable name it is, even when converted into Evenus or Eventus. But these are Latin forms of an uncouth word, as we learn from Father Innes,* before which both eye and tongue might be pardoned for some hesitation. Eachoidh, Heoghed, Echol, Hecged, Echac, Echolac, Echodach, are among the bewildering varieties in which the vocable, if it be indeed such, makes its appearance; and the descriptive epithets, or nicknames, usually attached, are no whit less alarming. Thus Eugenius IV. presents himself as Echoid-buidhe, Heoghed-bude, Hecged-bud, Echac-buidhe, and Ochabind,—which, we are told, may signify either Ewen the tawny, or Ewen the golden-haired,

* Essay II. 765.

probably the latter. The next of the name, or Eugenius V., comes up with a still more formidable array and combination of letters,—Eochoidh-rinnemhail, Heoghed Rinavel, Echdac-Echadach, Hecged-ronaval,—which are said to mean *Eochol habens-currum-nasum*, or Ewen of the hook-beak. Neither of these two, however, if any faith at all be due to the confused chronology of those times, could have been our Eugenius, the supposed father of Kentigern. We may flatter ourselves, as others have done, with the fancy that we have discovered and identified *him* in Geoffrey of Monmouth's Eventus,* the son of Urien and the cousin of Thenew;—in Fordun's Eochodius Hebdir,†—and in Buchanan's Eugenius III., whose portrait, authentic of course, still adorns the picture gallery at Holyrood. The last-named writer‡ affirms him to have been a “son unworthy of the best of fathers, who was not contented with a hundred concubines of the nobility, but must even blazon his abominations before the public by means of legislative enactments; for he decreed that it should be lawful for any one, according to his means, to marry as many wives as he was able to maintain,—that the king, before the marriage of noble brides, and the nobles before that of plebeian brides, should pre-enjoy their virginity,—and that with the nobility the wives of plebeians should be common.” “This flagitious iniquity,” it is subjoined, “was attended by its usual companions, cruelty and avarice.” And the stern historian finally inflicts the doom of a rigid poetical justice by telling us that, after a reign of seven years, this Eochoidh or Eugenius was secured by his outraged subjects, and ignominiously strangled in prison.

It may be supposed that the surname Eufurien, bestowed by the Breviary on the alleged father of Kentigern, countenances and is explained by the identification of Thenew's ardent and unscrupulous wooer with this licentious king Eugenius III., and such probably was the opinion entertained by the compiler of the lections in their latest form; and it may be thought, besides, that the relationship between Thenew and her cousin, the son of Urien, removes all chronological difficulties. But the still remaining obstacles to the adoption of this theory are of a formidable character. All who say anything about him, represent Eugenius as a son of the king of Cambria or Strathclyde. Now it is very possible and easy to raise a question respecting the right sense of Mureif, and

* Lib. xi. §. 1.

† Lib. iii. 24.

‡ Lib. iv. cap. 21.

to contend with some plausibility that it meant Menteith rather than Moray. But neither of the two provinces will at all answer the requirements of the hypothesis before us; and Urien was king of Mureif, remote, according to either interpretation, from the domains of Loth. Moreover, the same relationship which seems to abate one difficulty, raises another; for the success of the stratagem said to have been resorted to by the despairing lover, is hardly credible, as between parties who must have been so perfectly well known each to the other; and the trick of the letaragion is manifestly a mere conjecture to which Jocelin had recourse for the purpose of explaining what he believed to be the mysterious fact. The result is that, before our enquiries, the paternal descent of Kentigern retires into impenetrable obscurity. A mere glance reveals that the best information which has reached us on the subject is wholly unworthy of reliance, and even of serious criticism.

But we must not dismiss this part of our subject without adducing the conclusions at which the Bollandists arrived on the question which we have been considering. "Moreover," say they,* "of Saint Kentigern, or Kentegern, or Kintigern (for so by different authors is it written), the parentage is uncertain, the age obscure. He had for his mother Thametis or Themis, a daughter of Loth, king of the Picts, as Camerarius, Boetius, Harpsfeldius, Pitsæus, Conæus write, who also style her a saint; and Conæus indeed says that Kentigern was illustrious on account no less of his mother's merits than of his own personal virtues. Having been violated, whether through force or stratagem, by a noble youth (whom some think to have been Eugenius III., king of the Scots), she, when she was pregnant, is reported to have pertinaciously refused to tell who was the father, either because she really did not herself know, or lest she should bring him into trouble. Conæus and Camerarius slur over that blot about the parentage; and accordingly the latter writes that, under the zealous care of his parents, he "(Kentigern)" was thoroughly educated for piety from his earliest boyhood. Lesley testifies it to be by some affirmed that Eugenius III. became the father of Saint Kentigern by Anna, the sister of Aurelius, king of the Britons, and the legitimate heiress of the king of the Picts. Nor is all this free from a suspicion of fraud, because, of several saints out of the same nation of Scots and Britons, a similar birth is re-

* Act. Sanct. Jan. II. 97.

lated, Fursey, David, Kentigern, &c. Perhaps, when some one of the ancients had written that their fathers were unknown, later authors seized the opportunity of reproaching them for their spurious birth; as some have imagined that king Melchisedech was really without father or mother, because St. Paul has written that his genealogy is unknown. If, however, Kentigern was thus begotten, he so effectually washed out every stain, as Harpsfield rightly remarks, that in all the praise of virtue he might be deservedly compared with any holy man of his time."

It is reasonable to suppose that the father of Thenew was very indignant when he discovered his daughter's condition; but the law which he is said to have put in force for her punishment may, without hesitation, be regarded as apocryphal. Nor are the authorities themselves agreed about this law. Jocelin, followed by Capgrave, represents it as ordaining that the offending female should be precipitated from the summit of the loftiest mountain, and that her corruptor should be beheaded. The earlier Glasgow fragment affirms the enactment to have decreed that a woman of noble birth, if found guilty of fornication, should be stoned; and the king's executioners, not venturing to throw a stone at the royal offspring, yet not daring to evade the sentence, of their own device resorted to the apparently milder and equally sure method of precipitation. Thenew was accordingly placed in a biga, or two-wheeled cart, of a very primitive kind no doubt, and hurled over the sheer and formidable precipice from the summit of the mountain which, says the Glasgow fragment, "is called Kepduf;" but Jocelin and Capgrave agree in naming the hill in question Duppelder, which is now known, or at least believed, to be Traprairie-Law, in East Lothian. We shall see that either there was some confusion in the mind of the writer of the fragment, or there must be some way of reconciling the apparent discrepancy as to the locality of this melodramatic story. However, there is a spice of neatness in the language which tells us that, when poor Thenew was pushed over the perilous steep, *placido lapsu et suavi ad terram descendit*. Such is the comparatively modest account given by Capgrave. The monk of Furness pitches his rhetoric on a bolder key. "Like a wing-borne bird," he says,* "lest she should dash her foot against a stone, she descends, with a gently gliding motion, to the ground. Thanksgiving and praise resounded from

* Pinkerton, Vit. pp. 204-5.

the lips of most of those who beheld these great things of God. The holy and terrible name of Christ is magnified. The innocent is judged, and ought to be exempt from all further punishment, and to be held in all veneration. But, on the other hand, idolaters and enemies of the Christian faith ascribed this not to the divine power but to enchantments, and with one voice exclaimed that she was a magician and a witch. So there was a schism among the people."

King Loth, whether *paganissimus, semipaganus*, or merely *paganicis imbutus erroribus*, was among the blasphemers, and decreed that Thenew should be exposed, alone in a coracle, to the mercy of the waves. She was accordingly conducted, says the Glasgow fragment, *in ostium fluminis quod Abberlessic vocatur, id est ostium fetoris*, "to a stream's mouth which is called Aberlady, that is Stinkport,"—this unsavoury name having been suggested by the repulsive stench arising from the multitude of decaying fishes with which the sea-beach was covered. We need not follow the adventures of the cast-away here, since they are sufficiently detailed in the preceding legends, with the addition, perhaps, of some incidental notices below. But the following statement of the Glasgow fragment, coming to us, as it does, from the first half of the twelfth century, may possess some curious interest. When Thenew floated away in her frail bark,—for so that document tells us,—all the fishes on that part of the coast followed her as if she had been their queen; but Stinkport, on account of her embarkation there, continued barren down to the writer's day. "The fishes also," he adds, "which followed the woman to the place where she landed," (the island of May,) "themselves also remained there. For from that day to this such an abundance of fishes prevails there, that from every sea-coast, from the shores of England, Scotland, Belgium also, and France, many fishermen come for the sake" (*predicandi*, but Mr. Innes, no doubt rightly, would read *piscandi*) "of fishing, *quos omnes insula May in suis rite suscipit portibus*." There may be some truth in this statement.

While Thenew was prosperously navigating the Forth, alone in her poor shallop, righteous retribution, according to the Glasgow fragment, overtook her relentless father, Loth. The death of his daughter, it was thought, came after all to nothing if the swineherd should be allowed to escape a similar fate. The king therefore pursued him; and when he saw that he could in no way escape his royal foe, he turned aside

slightly from the road, and took refuge in a marshy place. But when he found that he was not safe even there, having seized a dart, he transfixed his pursuer. Then the friends of the king set up a great stone for a regal monument on the spot where he was killed, and above it a smaller stone artificially sculptured, which remained in the writer's time about a mile to the south of Dunspey. Such, undoubtedly, is the general sense of the author, but the Latin is so corrupt as to defy any attempt at exact translation; and the topographical question as to the relation between Dunspey and Dunspey must be remitted to the local antiquaries, with the addition that, in a clause not hitherto quoted, Dunspey is said to be about three miles distant from Aberlathie or Dunspey. Meanwhile Theneu, by some invisible means, was gently and peacefully floated up the Firth towards Collieston, Collieston, or Culross as the place is now named; and there, at morning-dawn, by the side of a smouldering fire which shepherds or fishermen had left on the shore, with a bundle of twigs for her couch, she was safely delivered of a son. Shortly afterwards, and simultaneously with her infant, she was baptized by St. Serf, receiving from him the name of Theneu, according to Jocelin, or Theneu, as the word is spelt in Capgrave's vita; but neither of them gives us any clue to the solution of the question whether she had been so called from childhood, or whether the appellation was imposed on her for the first time by her spiritual father, and she had been so called by them before merely in the way of prolepsis. Concerning St. Theneu, in her lifetime, we hear almost nothing more. The Glasgow fragment breaks off altogether with the birth of her son; while Jocelin and his follower, frequently his copyist, in Capgrave's collection, say not a word farther about her. From the very vague language of the Breviary, we may infer that she was supposed to have remained at or about Culross and under the guardianship of St. Serf, until she had occasion to follow Kentigern westward, and then to have continued in or near Glasgow, enjoying his dutiful attentions, until she died peacefully in the odour of sanctity.

The posthumous renown of St. Theneu, if not very brilliant, came, after the restoration of the diocese, to be at any rate sufficiently marked. We are distinctly told by the legend devoted to her memory in the Breviary, that she was buried at Glasgow. For the benefit of some who may not be versant with such documents, we venture to translate, as a specimen,

the following charter, which opens the evidence for our subsequent conclusions:—"To all who shall see or hear this writing, Johanna Countess of Douglas and Lady of Bothwell, salvation in the saviour of all; know ye that we, in our pure and simple widowhood, for the salvation of our own soul, as also of the soul still dearly remembered of our late lord the Lord Archibald Earl of Douglas, Lord of Galloway and of Bothwell, and of the souls of all his and our predecessors and successors, on account of reverence for God, the blessed Mary always virgin; as also on account of the great devotion which we and our predecessors have had and have for the blessed Kentigern and the church of Glasgow, have given, granted, and do give and grant, and by this our present writing have confirmed and do confirm, to God, the blessed Mary, the blessed Kentigern, and the foresaid church of Glasgow, towards the increase of divine worship and the supply of lights for the same church, three stones of wax to be annually levied from the rents" (firmis)* "of our barony of Bothwell, to be paid to the ministers of the said church every year within the church aforesaid at the feast of Pentecost, without further delay, trick, or fraud. The said three stones of wax to be held and possessed by the said church of Glasgow, and the ministers of the same, in pure and perpetual alms for ever, so freely quietly peacefully well and in peace as that no alms in the kingdom of Scotland can be more quietly freely or better possessed. In testimony of which thing we have caused our seal to be placed upon the present writing. At our castle of Bothwell on the eighth day of July in the year of our Lord 1401."†

It will be observed that here we have no allusion whatever to St. Thenew. But the lands in the barony of Bothwell, on which this provision for lighting the church of Glasgow was imposed, appear soon to have passed into the royal possession. King James, the third of the name, was too much under clerical influence however, to allow or be permitted to allow, such a dotation to be forgotten. "Because it clearly appears," says a charter of his,‡ of which we extract the substance, "that of old time the cathedral church of Glasgow was endowed with three stones of wax to be levied annually from the lands of the lordship of Bothwell, before they had been seized for us and our crown; We therefore, although for some years past the occupants of these lands have persistently withheld the wax aforesaid, have given granted and mortified and by the tenor

* Vid. Ducange, *sub. voc.* † Regist. Episc. Glasg. I. 300. ‡ Ibid II. 426.

of this our present charter, for the singular devotion which we have towards the blessed Kentigern, Confessor, and his holy mother Tenew, and towards the said cathedral church, do give grant and mortify to the said church, three stones of wax to be levied annually from lands and rents within the said lordship of Bothwell, for ever, for the lights of the said blessed confessor Kentigern and the said holy Tenew his mother; that is to say, two stones and a half of the said wax to be allotted to the lights of the said blessed confessor in the said cathedral church over his grave and the erection upon it, and half a stone of the said wax to be appropriated over the grave of the said holy Tenew and the erection above the same grave in the chapel where the bones of this saint repose." After several clauses of purely legal import, and a list of eight witnesses we have the date,—“ at Edinburgh, the 14th day of the month of October in the year of our Lord One Thousand four hundred and seventy-five, and in the XVIth of our reign.”

It turns out that, after all, this part of their dues failed to be regularly paid; for we learn from the same source* that the archbishop and chapter of Glasgow deemed themselves obligated to raise a process at law against certain parties within the barony and parish of Bothwell, for the recovery of seven years' arrears; that is, of twenty-one stones of wax. It is curious to note that, under this action, the official of the prosecutors claimed for the cathedral eighteen stones, leaving for St. Thenew only three, and so apparently defrauding the latter of half a stone. The *monitorium* of the said official is dated 2nd June 1498. How the litigation terminated does not appear; there need be no doubt however that the decision was for the church. But all this, interesting as it may be, is aside from our present purpose. What we have specially to observe is the fact that the charter of James III. clearly points out, as existing in A.D. 1475, a chapel of St. Thenew distinct from the cathedral church, and enclosing what was believed to be her grave, which again was surmounted by some kind of monumental erection, perhaps the altar of the sacred edifice. Then the *libellus* of the archbishop and chapter in the process above referred to, speaks of the chapel where the bones of Thenew repose, near the city of Glasgow:—*capella ubi ossa ejus requiescunt prope civitatem Glasguensem*. From some half-a-dozen other documents printed in the same register, it clearly appears that the street leading westward from

* Regist. Episc. Glasg. II. 497.

the market-cross, now the Trongate and Argyle Street, was known in the fifteenth century as the *vicus*, or *via Sanctae Thanew*, that is, St. Thenew's gate,—the way from the centre of the city to the saint's sepulchre and shrine. We must infer however that this sacred spot, which was only *prope civitatem*, lay quite outside of the city and further west than the Westport. Some scores of notices amply confirming these views, meet us in the *Liber Collegii nostre Domine*, edited by the lamented Joseph Robertson, Esq., LL.D. Thus, in one document, dated on the penultimate day of February 1547, we read of the *via qua itur a Porta Occidentali ad Capellam Sancte Tenew*;* or as the clause is translated in another deed of the same date, and relating to the same property, "the gait passing fra the West Port to St. Tenew's chapell."† The evidence on this point is completed by the language of a third document, dated 10th September 1548, and relating to a garden *prope Ecclesiam Sancte Tenew extra Portam Occidentalem civitatis Glasguensis*.‡ It is unnecessary to carry this array of minute proofs any further. Thenew's-gate certainly, in old Glasgow, extended westward from the market-cross, along the line of the Trongate and Argyle Street, to some indefinite distance beyond the Westport or limit of the city in that direction. On the south side of its extramural section, between this section and the Clyde, and very near to both of them, stood the chapel of St. Thenew, where or whereabouts now stands the church called St. Enoch's. This chapel was supposed to enclose the burying-place of St. Mungo's mother, and her bones were said to repose there,—some of them, that is, and perhaps by far the most; but certainly not all, for in an interesting inventory of the ornaments, relics, and jewels, belonging to the cathedral church of Glasgow on 24th March 1432, we read:—*Item duo sacculi linei cum ossibus sancti kentigerni sanctae Tenew et aliorum diversorum sanctorum*,—two small linen bags with bones of St. Kentigern, of St. Thenew, and of various other saints.

That the chapel of St. Thenew was endowed, more or less, is clear; for besides the wax referred to above, we incidentally hear, from the chartularies which have been quoted, of crofts belonging to the institution; but so far as we know, there is, at present, no further available information on the subject. Neither have we been able to discover how the ordinary ministrations of the chapel were provided for,—that is to say,

* *Liber Col. Noa. Dom.* p. 147. † *Ibid.* p. 138. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 140.

whether there was a resident chaplain, or whether the altar was a mere dependency on the cathedral, and served according to the discretion of the chapter, or whether the sacred rites were maintained by any other of several conceivable arrangements. These are questions for the local antiquarians; and it is at least possible that they might be answered without much trouble. Meanwhile it is curious to observe that, of St. Thenew, whose name seems to have been unheard of from the sixth to the twelfth century, the memory again utterly perished during the Reformation period, or at the latest not very long after A.D. 1600. Those, no doubt, were days in which old footmarks were apt to be obliterated; but there was something unique and almost insulting, in the style of the oblivion which overtook St. Thenew. From the first quarter or thereby of the last century, we still have a confused echo of the true name in the St. Tennoch of Wodrow; but the Glasgow people, supposing St Enoch to be intended, adopted him for their church-patron, and swept away from their streets every memorial of St. Mungo's mother.

The writer of the following verses, or doggrels, was perfectly well aware when he placed them at our disposal, that we had not a word to say for their merits. They are at least old enough to have reached maturity; still they would probably have been suppressed, or even destroyed altogether, but for the opportunity afforded by a volume printed only for private circulation. One advantage at least they possess, after a fashion,—that of giving a continuous narrative of the alleged occurrences.

The Legend of St. Thenew.

WHEN jolly King Cole, as old stories tell us,
Was reigning in Kyle, a prince of good fellows,—
A thrice-removed cousin,—King Loth was his name,—
Kept court in those countries which thenceforth became
The Lothians,—and so have transmitted his fame.

No "merry old soul" was the said royal Loth,
But a crusty curmudgeon who, when he was wroth,
Would trooper-like, rap out a thundering oath,
And then keep his word like a blood-thirsty Goth.

A daughter he had, who was named Miss Thenew;—
So spelt, though the accent may not be quite true,—
Quem ex maritali copula—duxit ;—
Which is either a queerish expression, or looks it ;
But so says the book, only dropping a "per,"—

Some gain to the metre, and no loss to her.
 Those funny old monks, whether sober or drinking,
 Had droll modes of speaking,—it seems too of thinking !
 Perhaps they learn'd language so very particular,
 From a sly trick of theirs call'd confession auricular.
 Still, *ex maritali*, or somehow, he had her,
 And fancied she'd meekly do just what he bade her,
 So he bade her go marry, and no more ado ;
 A precept which quite flabbergasted Thenew.
 Her beauty may fairly be taken for granted ;
 For never young she-saint this enemy wanted.
 Of her goodness "*in animo, corde, et ore,*"
 Monkish Latin alone can express half the glory ;
 Its—imas, and—issimas fall out so pat ;
 So we'll simply refer to the portuis for that.
 But virtues of home mayn't be virtues of church,
 And Loth, 'twixt the two, was left deep in the lurch.
 He roared about making his daughter obedient,
 Which she, in her tantrums, deem'd quite inexpedient ;
 And to all that was in her of good and of beautiful,
 He'd much have preferr'd the mere vulgar and dutiful.
 But this measure of ours goes on limping and cantering,
 At a pace fitted rather for light jest and bantering ;
 Therefore call we a halt till we tighten the reins,
 And match a love tale with elegiac strains.
 The son of Cumbria's King, prince Ewen hight,
 Had seen, and learn'd to love the fair Thenew,—
 A youth, with all accomplishments bedight,
 That could arrest a modest maiden's view.
 Equal their years, and tempers seeming meet,
 Their parents too of wonderful accord,—
 The course of true love smiled for once, to greet
 Loth's daughter wedded to rough Cumbria's lord.
 Then would have come festivities unnumber'd,
 With lances splintered and with galliards danced ;
 Harps would have twang'd, while bride and bridegroom lumber'd,
 And fair cheeks blush'd as on them keen eyes glanced.
 Then would have happy peace bestow'd her wealth
 On two broad Kingdoms where rude war had raged ;
 O'er plains ripe plenty, and in homes flush'd health
 Have toil rewarded and vex'd care assuaged,
 Hold !—if this be a muse, we shall e'en do without one ;
 No tale does she tell, but just buzzes about one.
 What boots it to conjugate could, would, and should,
 While Thenew, like a statue, immoveable stood,
 Stuck fast in the positive negative mood !—

A part of the verb, as is more than suspected,
By prosy grammarians grossly neglected,
But thoroughly construed, dear creatures, by ladies :—
So, now to our tale ; for what boots it ?—as said is.

Marry Ewen ! !—Thenéw most decidedly would'nt ;
Ewen tried all he could to persuade her, but could'nt ;
Then papa interfered and did,—just what he should'nt.

He was frantic, was Loth, and swore many an oath,
And exhausted his breath and his stock of words both.
And he roar'd, and he bellow'd, till ready to burst ;
And he cursed,—most profanely and savagely cursed,
Till a pope might have envied him, cursing his worst.
We'll not tell his naughty words,—better forgotten ;
Would all things so wicked were both dead and rotten !
But,—“ hussy,” he cried, “ you shall either wed Ewen,
This youth who so long has come hither a-wooin',
Or,”—he paused to invent an alternative sentence
Sufficiently potent to wring out repentance ;
“ Or, to swineherds your virginhood straight I'll deliver,—
To be used as their drudge and their doxy for ever.”
She heard his wild words, nor replied as he swore 'em,
But haughtily bowed, and retiring before 'em,
Sought refuge “ *ad aram*,” the book says, “ *porcorum*.”

For this poorest and basest of menial employments,
She renounced the King's Court and its princely enjoyments ;
Or “ *DELICIAS REGÍAS DE REGIO PALACIO*,”—
So,—there is a palpable *rei probatio*,
To confound antiquarians for ever and aye,
Who, contemning Loth's palace, might venture to say
That 'twas merely a booth built of wattles and clay.
But whate'er she renounced that was pleasant and merry,
With the swineherds she deem'd herself fortunate,—very.
Among them was one, a good Christian, disguised,—
And Thenéw was a Christian, though still unbaptized,—
Who, the princess, as well as he could, entertain'd,
To her person and rank doing honour unfeign'd,
Commending the meekness and patient humility
Through which she had conquer'd her pride of nobility,
And especially lauding her resolute carriage
In scouting old Loth and his projects of marriage ;
Then he clench'd his opinions in praise of virginity
By citing grave fathers well seen in divinity.

Mister Porco's discourses confirm'd Miss Thenéw,—
Thence doubly resolved to her vow she'd be true.
So, when the said prince, who had heard of her grief,
And hoped that *her* trouble might work *his* relief,—

A messenger sent his lost suit to revive,—
 A kind female friend, of years ripe fifty-five,—
 Never once ask'd Thenew were he dead or alive.
 So our little old woman,—a leer in her eye,
 And a grin on her features, shrewd, knowing, and sly,—
 Returned to report that the girl was a fool,
 And the languishing lover with wise saws to school.
 How far she succeeded we really don't know,
 Though surmises, and so forth, may turn up below.
 Poor Ewen ! his fate will provoke curiosity ;
 And the curious who sift it may want generosity.
 Meanwhile, we won't venture to say what became of him,
 For no more, in the book, meet we even the name of him.

But both mice and men, if the poet speak true,—
 Who, if he had pleased, might have said "women" too,—
 Must brook disappointments, and so must Thenew.
 Of her hap, among swineherds, whate'er the felicity,
 A princess might feel there was some eccentricity,—
 Or a sort, as it were, of insipid simplicity.
 Still a woman, for all her great virtues, and frail,
 Her firmest resolves might not always avail
 To defend her,—from what ? Ask the monks and they'll tell.
 But most brains breed maggots ;—why not hers as well ?
 At breakfast, at dinner, perhaps too at supper,
 When the swineherds and swine might have gobbled all up, her
 Sad thoughts would revert to the charms of the palace
 Whose splendour we've vouch'd ;—hush, 'twas *cum grano salis*.
 And, besides some defect of accustom'd propriety,—
 Thenew might have relish'd a trifling variety
 Of a thing which the ladies have named "good society."
 Her days, in the forest with pigs, might be dreary,
 Her nights might be,—let us say,—lonesome and eerie ;
 A companion,—and all that ;—how nice ? And oh dearie !
 What a boon in those sleepless hours, tossing and weary !
 A saint ? Never doubt it ; but then, if you please,
 No saint was exempted from trials like these.
 For, think ; in achieving their virtues heroical
 You cannot find one that was stolid or stoical.
 The golden and other legends make them glorious
 For being o'er legions, et cetera, victorious.
 So Thenew may have had quiscous thoughts in her head,
 Both by day in the woods, and by night when in bed.
 "All stuff : and impertinent too" ! Say you so, Ma'am ?
 Then, again to our tale ; and the sequel will shew, Ma'am.
 A nondescript personage came oft to view
 Those parts of Loth's Kingdom where wonn'd Miss Thenew ;—

Tall, active, and vigorous, seeming a maid,
 "*Imberbis*," in feminine raiment array'd,
 Not a horn, nor a hoof, to make girls afraid.
 Who knows how a kindness began and then grew,—
 With this stranger on one side, on 'tother Thenew?
 But it did so;—quite proper, and natural too.
 Distant courtesies first, perhaps, banish'd crude fears;
 Then sisterly converse, sighs, sympathies, tears—
 All that two yearning girls to each other endears,—
 Would detain the twain under some far-branching beech,
 In genial heart-minglings, each comforting each,
 With murmur'd disclosures too tender for speech;
 And while time for their copiousness proved far too fleeting,
 A maidenly kiss made a suitable greeting,
 When regretfully parting or joyfully meeting.
 Thus they'd loiter and chatter till day-light was done,
 Then watch the pale stars coming out one by one,—
 To musing souls dearer than day's flashing sun.
 But amid pleasures always have perils abounded,
 As life by corruption and death is surrounded;
 Yet in this case no timely alarum was sounded.
 So proved those soft languors the preludes of sorrow,—
 Sleeping dreams of rare joy,—waking woe on the morrow.
 For on one fatal night this engrossing affinity,—
 Grown dearer than all her renounced consanguinity,—
 To Thenew cost her treasure,—that is, her virginity.
 Then who *was* this stranger?—Pray do ring the bell;
 And fetch Camerarius. Tush! you'd as well
 Set the sexton to toll his slow funeral knell;
 Or, better still, ring out his merriest peal,—
 An epithalamium, brisk as a reel.
 An epithalamium? yes; to be sure.
 For those girls? nay, now, don't be so premature!
 We have nuptials on hand,—though where we may land,—
 Or how to get on, we don't quite understand,
 And the right words won't always come just at command.
 So, start we afresh; and ask,—who *was* this stranger,—
 This counterfeit maiden,—this rogue of a ranger?
 Was it Ewen? Don't know. But the portuis, elsewhere,
 Calls in King Eugenius, and thus makes all square.
 Thenew shew'd resistance,—whatever she could,
 But all dark was the night, and all lonely the wood;
 And the swine their mast crunch'd, and the little pigs munch'd,
 And amidst these she vainly scream'd, struggled, and punch'd.
 Next morning the youth was away ere she rose;
 But behind him he left,—what our tale will disclose.

The pitiless progress of days soon reveal'd
 What Thenew would have gladly for ever conceal'd ;
 And Loth, by a good-natured friend, in due time,
 Was apprised of her grief—the kind friend call'd it—crime.
 The old man was stunn'd ; yet he breathed not a curse,
 Though such calmness perhaps, than his fury was worse.
 For surely this issue was what he expected
 When his child to the swineherds he basely subjected.
 But the case now he felt was for bluster too grave ;
 So his peers he convened in a solemn conclave,
 Where those just and sage guardians of royalty's fame,
 Supporting old Loth 'neath his burden of shame,
 And bestowing, nem. con., on Thenew a vile name,—
 As soon as themselves they had amply condoled,—
 Decreed,—“ yet, 'twas painful,” they said, and then groan'd,
 That the wretched offender should forthwith be stoned.
 Of stoning those folks had a mode of their own,
 To the rest of the world still entirely unknown ;
 But decisive, though ne'er was a stone by them thrown.
 To the top of a cliff, the poor victim convey'd,
 On a biga, or cart,—say a hurley,—was laid,
 To be thence plunged down headlong, whate'er was below ;
 And the shuddering wretch had but one way to go.
 Thus, to Arthur's Seat top, or to Traprairie Law rather,
 The daughter was sent by a merciless father.
 The steep is all jagged with sharp pointed rocks ;
 Lower down is a mass of huge fragments and blocks ;
 And the hurley hangs, trembling, sheer over the brink,—
 With still one brief moment allow'd her to think.
 She was firm as the basalt ; confessing no crime ;
 Had been cruelly wrong'd ; and now—waited God's time.
 So she wept, and look'd up ; then suppressing her cries,
 Gazed down o'er the precipice ; then—closed her eyes.
 And away, and away, as a shaft from the bow,
 Went the cart, with Thenew to the chaos below.
 They plunged o'er the smooth, and they crash'd through the rough ;
 And they rushed, like a mad thing, down over the stuff
 That had gather'd, of ages the huddled debris,
 At the base of the cliff ; then—were stopp'd by a tree !
 When thither, in hot haste, th' officials of death
 Came, holding their plump sides and gasping for breath,
 They found that the hurley had firmly got wedged
 In the soil ; and, for their part, they always alleged
 That, when they removed it, they turn'd out Thenew
 As sound as a trout, and as light-hearted too.
 Moreover, a spring, from which bright waters gush'd,
 Sprang up from the ruts where the hurley had rush'd.

And, though wooden, the trams through the whinstone had bored,
Leaving marks which, to this day, may still be explored.

Was it magic, or miracle ? Loth said, the first,
So resumed his old vice ; and, then, oh ! how he cursed.
Nor contented with oaths,—“ the sly gipsy,” cried he,
Since she cannot be stoned, must be drowned in the sea.
Not a word said Thenéw, but went calmly away,
With her guards all around her in death’s fell array ;
Aberlady their goal, in whose fish-teeming bay
Were caught haddocks and cod, waggon-loads every day.
A crowd follow’d rushing, and pushing, and crushing,
Some grumbling, and some,—from their eyes the tears gushing.
Some tenderer souls for Thenéw were all pity ;
And the sharp tongues of some gave old Loth a round ditty.
’Twas a foul shame they cried, that his own flesh and blood,
Just redeem’d from the rocks, should be plunged in the flood.
Call it justice ? ’twas monstrous to torture once more
A sufferer too heavily punish’d before.
And what had she done ? *Loth* may call it a crime ;
Since the marvellous stoning *they’d* leave that to time.
Thus reason’d the mob, and above all, the women,
Who alone, in despotic times, spoke out like freemen.
So they came to the bay, where a currach had they
All duly prepared for the work of the day.

Of lithe osiers twisted and patch’d o’er with skin,
Then smear’d well with pitch both without and within,—
Such the gallant state-ship whereon Princess Thenéw,
Without rudder, or oar, or companion, or crew,
Went afloat on the wild waves,—to sink or to swim.
As for Loth,—we know what was intended by him !
That down she should go to the dank caves below,
Where the sea-monsters dwell, and the ocean-flowers blow.
But away she went, sailing, ne’er steamer more steady,
And May to receive her its best port had ready,—
A narrow recess,—where the stream, deep and heady
Calm’d down its wild pulse at approach of the lady.
Nor there was her rest. But a moment she tarried,
When the light skiff a something, all spirit-like carried
Up the Firth and against the fast down-flowing stream,
Like the movement of souls when they float in a dream.
It was not a wind,—nor of music the breath,—
All its action was still as the footsteps of death.
Yet it wafted her on while her cradle would swing,
As a sea-bird asleep, its head under its wing.
In a circle of peace, the while, calmly she rested,
Though the breakers around her with white foam were crested,
And the fishes in shoals, perhaps garvies, attended,—

If they could, they'd have fied themselves to have amended
 The lone pilgrim's fare, on her way as she wended ;
 The solan-geese too, would, no doubt, have descended,
 Cook'd, and ready to last till the voyage was ended.

As she sails, what she might have seen here we'll rehearse ;
 Having precedents plenty for so spinning verse.

—Inchkeith, like a sentry asleep on his post ;
 While his charge lies exposed to the enemy's host ;
 On its shores the blest Serf had been lately repairing
 His energies wasted in toils, and wayfaring.

—Inchcolm, then perhaps of sea-rovers a nest,
 Where no wandering saint heretofore had sought rest,
 Yet destined long after to ghostly renown

Such as greatly eclipsed t'other Inch lower down.

—An Island with never a legend, call'd Cramond,
 Shaped out, as it seems, by the wash of the Almond.

—The gorge where, on each side, the sea-board abuts,
 Till almost, the channel its rocky jaws shuts,
 With Inchgarvie, protecting the Ferry between,
 Which waited its name from a saint and a queen.

—On the coast, other places of note more or less,—
 Leith, Edinbro, Granton, Rosyth, and Blackness,
 Burntisland, Kinghorn, Donnybristle,—no more,—
 We might easily write off such names by the score,—
 All recently modern ;—and ne'er in her view,
 From her currach, the best of them all had Thenéw.

But saw she or saw not, and waked she or slept,
 The currach up Forth its course steadily kept.
 With the tide-stream it sway'd, and the waves with it play'd ;
 Still a mute and mysterious power it obey'd.
 No mortal hand steering, yet bluff headlands clearing,
 And through intricate islets and reefs its port nearing ;
 At Culross, in fine, it drew towards the shore,
 And like a swan, proudly, the surf gliding o'er,
 There rested to tempt the wild ocean no more.

Not a moment too soon had Thenéw reached the strand,
 For already her critical hour was at hand ;
 And her case, in that hour, seemed extremely forlorn,—
 Pharoah's midwives all dead, Dr. Simpson unborn,—
 No human friend near, or to help or to hear,—
 To soothe her when weak, or when timid to cheer.
 But angels were by, and this fact may imply
 That the truest accoucheurs live in the sky ;
 Though it might be objected that there they don't marry,
 And so forth,—a point to sift which we won't tarry ;
 For on the bleak shore a blest infant she bore,
 St. Mungo to wit, and we need not say more.

II. ST. KENTIGERN.

Aberdeen Breviary, II. Prop. Sanct. fol. xxvii.
13th January.

THE preceding article may be presumed to have superseded the necessity of any further inquiry or discussion concerning the pedigree of St. Mungo. It may be as well, however, that we should summarize here, and carry along with us throughout, the result of the investigation on which we have spent or wasted so much time; and it may be easily carried, for in the light of the very mildest historical criticism, it vanishes altogether. That Kentigern was the nephew of the renowned king Arthur through Anne, Margause, or Bellisent, half-sister of the round-table hero,—that he was the grandson of Loth, king of Norway, the Lothians, and Orkney,—and that he was the son of a Cumbrian, an Albanian, or a Northumbrian* prince,—why these pretentious averments rest with one foot on the romances and the other on the legends, having nothing better to sustain them in so slippery a position, than the partial support of Galfredus Monumetensis. No conclusion can be built on such a basis; and in truth the parentage of Kentigern is as utterly unknown to us, as that of the foundling in the workhouse.

As regards king Loth, his wife Anne, or whatever else, their daughter Thenew, and the prince Ewen or Eugenius, though there might still be some lingering hesitation, there could be no real offence against any known historical evidence, in pronouncing them all to be purely fictitious. And this conclusion is forced upon us, not only because our information comes through corrupt channels from worthless sources, but also because, when it reaches us, it is confused, inconsistent with itself, and even self-contradictory—this, too, apart altogether from the wild absurdities that abound in the legends and romances alike. Even Arthur himself dwells only in a misty cloudland, recently glorified beyond all precedent by the sweet music of the Laureate's verses; but the "Idylls of the king" have done nothing whatever in the way of establishing a local habitation for their hero, and while his alleged exploits are known to be fictitious, his very existence is still at least fairly questionable. As regards his supposed nephew Kentigern, the conclusion at which we have arrived is more definitely posi-

* See *Memoriale Walteri de Coventria*, I. 10.

tive, in spite of the mass of fables which have twisted themselves around his memory, and overshadowed the simple facts of his life. Abandoning the pedigree in all its forms as unworthy of credit,—remembering also that the evidence of Adamnan, from whom we might reasonably have expected clear and distinct testimony, is dim enough when taken at its utmost, if it can be trusted as really evidence at all,—nevertheless there is a consensus of traditions, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh, which, haggard and dislocated though they be, prevail against our scepticism, and induce us to believe in a historical Kentigern as the earliest Christian teacher of Clydesdale.

But these fragments of proof,—for such, at any rate from the antiquarian point of view, they may be fairly deemed, whatever the critical historian may think of them,—need be no more than distinctly indicated here, since they will find appropriate places in the sequel. The Scottish traditions must be accepted by us as they have come down from the *codicellus stilo Scotico dictatus* through Jocelin and Capgrave, supplemented by the Glasgow fragment and some other surviving memorials. Those of Ireland will claim our attention when we come to notice our saints' alleged relations with that island; while those of Wales will group themselves around the story of St. Asaph; and Adamnan's vague allusion will be considered relatively to the famous interview with St. Columba. And now it is imagined that the objects which are aimed at in this article may be most successfully attained by means of annotations or commentaries, arranged in a series according to the order of the office in the Breviary.

1. *The office itself.* It is not easy to account satisfactorily for the elaborate pomp and grandeur of this ritual celebration. Had we met with it in a Glasgow or other western service-book, we might have surmised that local devotion or vanity was the source of its peculiarly florid character; but then it comes to us from Aberdeen, where all kinds of enthusiasm are said, maliciously perhaps, to be reserved for domestic uses. The probability is that the *Proprium S. Kentigerni* was adopted by bishop Elphinstone, possibly with some revision or even enlargement, from an older Use originally compiled in the vicinity of the Clyde rather than on the banks of the Dee. And yet even this hypothesis solves no more than the least half of the mystery; for the main question is still unanswered. With the single exception of the long and intricate office assigned to St. Andrew the apostle, who, at an early period,

though somewhat later apparently than the time of St. Mungo, was elevated to the dignity of national patron and protector, the festal commemoration accorded to the Clydesdale evangelist is of a much more pretentious and decorated character than that attained by any other of our Scottish saints. Now how, apart altogether from the exaggerating influence of local feelings, is this fact to be explained? Kentigern had been anticipated, in the great enterprise of converting the rude pagans of Albania to the Christian faith, by Ninian, Servanus, and Palladius at least; and his cotemporary, Columba, left a broader and more enduring mark on the country of his adoption, than he was himself able to imprint on that of his birth. How then did it come to pass that some one or other of these early heralds of the Cross, was not crowned with honours at least as distinguished as those to which he has been promoted? To this question there is certainly no obvious reply, and probably none that would be altogether satisfactory is likely ever to be suggested. But, recalling what we have heard in the course of the previous article, otherwise too well authenticated, concerning the complete obscurity in which the labours and the very name of Kentigern were for ages involved by the convulsed state of public affairs, we cannot believe that the office, even in a rudimentary or inchoate form, came down from those days of darkness and trouble. We are therefore induced to assign the origin of this composition to more settled times, when there was some revival of Christian faith in Clydesdale. To speak more definitely,—we apprehend that the *Proprium Sancti Kentigerni* began to be framed amid the ardent devotion for the local saint, which was greatly quickened, if not actually kindled, by Prince David when he restored the Glasgow episcopate, and afterwards zealously fostered by the bishops Herbert and Jocelin. No doubt the ritual celebration was meagre enough at first, but the enthusiasm of those two prelates was by no means fruitless. The two lives which were written at their instigation, supplied those who arranged the festal solemnities with abundance of materials, while they at the same time stimulated the prevailing anxiety to honour the memory and propitiate the favour of the founder and patron of the diocese. The office thus begun appears to have been gradually extended. Regarding the source of the more florid passages we know nothing; but some allusions to later occurrences may be detected; lections, chiefly from the monk Jocelin, were introduced; and about A.D. 1500 it attained its present imposing dimensions.

2. *Birth and birth-place.* The first lection in the Breviary displays a laudable reserve when speaking of St. Kentigern's birth. This becomes specially remarkable when we observe that, by the Glasgow fragment, a very distasteful comparison is instituted between the strange incident at Culross and the glorious advent at Bethlehem; and that the offensiveness of this comparison is aggravated by the fulsome rhetoric of the monk Jocelin. The materially chastened tone of the anonymous life in Capgrave discloses the tenderer reverence of a later age; and here, on the eve of the reformation, the alleged similarity has entirely vanished. Angels are indeed still said to have attended Thenew; but choiring hosts of them are no longer heard of, and it becomes obvious that the revolting comparison has been purposely discarded.

We do not profess in the least to understand some curious words which are said to have been used by St. Serf with a reference to the new-born infant, or even to know of what human speech they are supposed to be examples. Nor do we doubt that they have already been carefully investigated by the learned in such matters. Still, possibly to some casual reader of these pages, they may prove both new and interesting. When the appearance of the infant had been reported to him, "he said, *A dia cur fir sin*, which means in Latin, *O utinam sic esset.*" Oh, would that it might be so.* Again we are told by Jocelin,† whose exact words are borrowed by the anonymous writer in Capgrave's collection,‡ that on seeing the boy, Serf exclaimed, "*Mochoke, mochoke; quod Latine dicitur;*" adds the monk of Furness, "*care mi, care mi;*"—which in Latin means, my dear, my dear. When the boy had afterwards, by his singular amiability, entirely won the old man's heart, the latter was accustomed, in his native speech, (*paterna lingua*),—so Jocelin tells us,||—to call him "*Munghu, quod Latine dicitur Karus amicus,*" or dear friend. The relation therefore between the words *mochoke* and *munghu* or *mungo* would seem to be an intimate one, but the nature of it is a question for the philologists. With regard to what is said to have been the baptismal name, Kyentyern or Kentigern,—*capitalis dominus*,—we need add nothing to what is said in the first lection of the Breviary.

But in the same lection there is a statement, relating to the birth-place, which cannot fail to arrest the attention and ex-

* Regist. Episc. Glasg. l. lxxxv.
‡ Act. Sanct. Jan. II. 98.

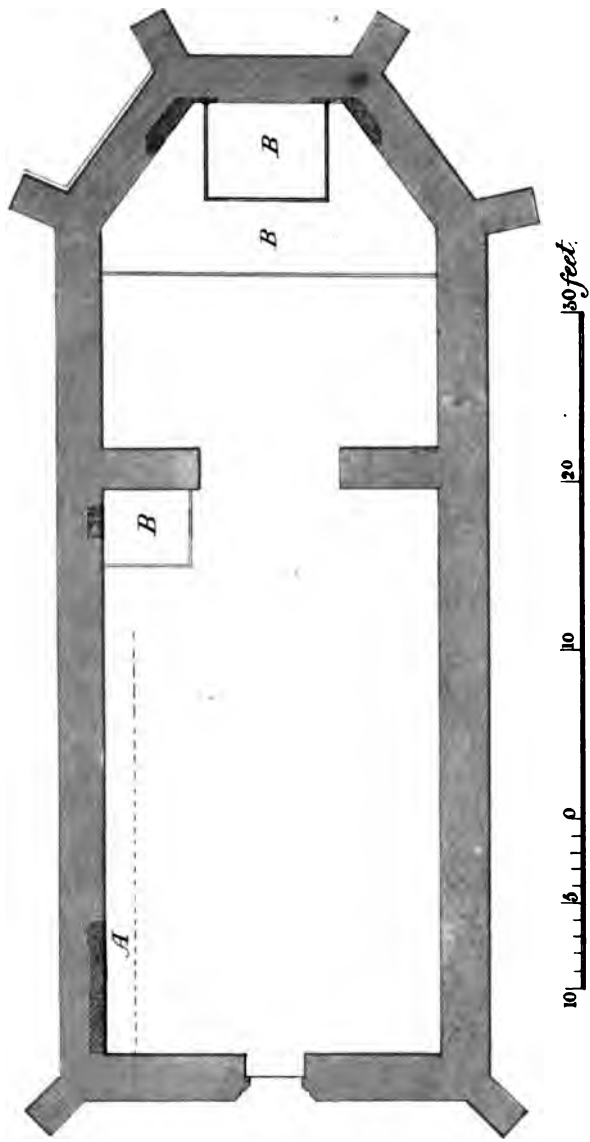
† Pinkerton's Vitae, p. 207.
‡ Pink. vit. 208.

cite the inquiries of the most careless reader. "There," we are told, and that is, at Culross, "she brought forth her son, at a spot where, even to this day, is a chapel dedicated in honour of her." The words of the original, *in honore ejus*, are ambiguous, though a strict reference of the pronoun to its nearest antecedent would give us the rendering, "in honour of him,"—that is, of Kentigern; and this we apprehend to be the true sense of the phrase. We have not been able to hear of any chapel dedicated to St. Thenew at Culross, but there are still some remains there, perfectly visible, though almost level with the ground, of a building which, as the local tradition affirms, was consecrated to the memory of her son. Now the age of this is of far greater importance than the grammatical question; for though any old dedication to St. Thenew at Culross must have carried with it a very special significance, yet if the chapel here in our view could be traced back to some indefinite distance beyond the time at which we have supposed that the office in the Breviary began to be compiled, then we should have, in the crumbling ruin, by far the earliest material monument of St. Mungo that has hitherto come under our notice.

The remains of the chapel, or rather the church, which awakens so much interest, are situated on the north side of the shore-road, which leads eastward from Culross, at a distance of perhaps about a quarter of a mile from that ancient metropolis of girdle-makers. Outside, and to the south, of the pretty park-like garden and orchard in front of the old Cistercian monastery and the modern house of Valleyfield, it is necessarily not far from the shore of the Firth, and in this respect sufficiently answers the requirements of the legend. The highway has been allowed to encroach on the southern wall, so as to obliterate a part even of the foundation on that site; yet enough remains to make the restoration of the ground-plan an easy task for the architect. But the annexed sketch, for which we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Steven, minister of the Free Church at Culross, will convey at a glance a much clearer notion of the structure, so far as it can now be traced, than any verbal description whatever.

The slightly elevated quadrangular space in the north-east corner of the nave, outside of what appear to be the foundations of a rood-screen, was probably the site of a secondary altar; and it is very possible that this sacred erection was dedicated to the honour of St. Thenew. Doubtless it would

St. Mung's Church, Culross.



REFERENCE.

A. Remains of Sedelia.

B. Raised above rest of floor about 4 ins.

Nave 33 ft 8 ins long; Choir 20 ft. 4 ins long, by 20 ft.

have been interesting to know so much, even if on no better than plausible grounds; still we have nothing at all for it beyond a feasible conjecture, unsupported by any whisper of local tradition, and tenable only on the assumption that the ambiguous phrase above referred to does after all apply to St. Mungo's mother. But all this is utterly unsatisfactory; and meanwhile the important question relating to the age, and the probative value of the ruin remains in suspense. It is not difficult to answer. The slightest inspection of the sketch reveals at once the assurance, that no superstructure on such foundations could have been erected in the ages immediately succeeding the era assigned to Kentigern. Comparatively plain as the ground-plan is, it certainly does not suggest recollections of the eighth and ninth centuries, our own country being the theatre. Nor are we left here to be guided by the dim lights which may be struck out of art-criticism and antiquarian gropings. In a charter dated at Edinburgh, 27th May, A.D. 1503, we read as follows:—"Robertus Glasguensis archiepiscopus primus e redditibus terrarum de Cragrossy quas ecclesie donavit, fundavit unam capellaniam in ecclesia beatissimi Kentigerni confessoris ubi idem natus erat per archiepiscopum constructa et edificata prope monasterium de Culross."* That is, Robert the first archbishop of Glasgow, out of the rents of the lands of Cragrossy which he has bestowed on the church, has founded one chaplaincy in the church of the most blessed Kentigern, confessor, constructed and built by the archbishop near the monastery of Culross. No language could possibly be clearer or more decisive than this. The endowment was conferred in A.D. 1503, on a chaplaincy in a church which had been previously erected. But then that church itself had been "constructed and built" by the archbishop,—the same who now made provision for a chaplain to serve at one or other of its altars; for he expressly calls himself the "first" who held that dignity. Now Robert Blacader was elevated to the episcopal See of Glasgow in A.D. 1484. King James IV. was extremely religious according to the fashion of the time,—that is, he cherished a superstitious veneration for the church, and in early life had been admitted to a canonry in the cathedral chapter at Glasgow. Through his intercession at Rome, a papal bull was obtained in the beginning of A.D. 1491, by the authority of which Bishop Robert Blacader became a metropolitan and archbishop, with four

* Regist. Episc. Glasg. II. 505.

suffragans under his jurisdiction. The inevitable conclusion is that the chapel, spoken of in the first lection of the office, with which we are engaged was erected after A.D. 1491, and within about fifteen years of the date at which the Aberdeen Breviary was printed by Walter Chepman. A frail structure it must have been, if it had not survived till the day of that printing; nevertheless, the way in which it is referred to, under the editorial care of Bishop Elphinstone, is by no means commendable. The truth seems to be that Bishop Robert Blacader's munificence was of a kind which, though extremely old, never becomes obsolete; and that the church built by him at Culross was as much a monument of his own gratified ambition, as it was an act of homage paid to the patron saint of his diocese. Under such conditions, we cannot accept the ruins for proof of even the barren conclusion, that their site covers a spot which tradition had previously indicated as the birth-place of Kentigern.

3. *St. Mungo a farmer.* The second and third lections record miracles which will afterwards receive as much attention as they seem to require; and the prolusive responses and versicles are sufficiently explicated by subsequent portions of the office. But in the response which immediately follows the last of these lections, we have allusions of which the Breviary furnishes us with no elucidation.

"B. Jussit arare lupam placuit cui jungere cervum;
Fert ager cœrerem presul cum spargit arenam."

The alleged miracle thus brought under our notice is, by the biographers, said to have happened after Kentigern's consecration to the episcopate; but as it would be ridiculous to affect a chronological arrangement of such materials, we follow the course of the text, and subjoin the story from Camerarius,* who copies Capgrave as the latter had copied Jocelin. "Lest he should eat the bread of idleness, he—Kentigern—was accustomed to labour with his own hands in the cultivation of the ground. And when he was on one occasion in want of oxen, he commanded stags in the Lord's name to come to him out of the forest, and instead of oxen to plough the land. They, instantly obeying, and tamed so as to till his fields, were wont to go away to their feeding-ground, and then return to their labour. At length a wolf, rushing forth on a stag when it was worn out by toil, strangled it, and with its carcass

* Cam. de Scot. Fort. &c. 81.

glutted his own ravenous gullet. When he had heard of this, Kentigern, stretching out his hand towards the wood, said,—‘In the name of the holy Trinity, I command that the wolf which has inflicted this loss on me, shall immediately come hither and make satisfaction.’ And lo! the wolf, bounding out of the wood, rushed up with a howl to his feet. Then the saint said to him, ‘Get thee up; and in the name of Jesus Christ I command thee that, in room of the stag which thou hast devoured, thou go to the plough and till, out and out, what remains to be done.’ The wolf accordingly, obeying the saint’s words, and coupled with the stag, after ploughing nine acres complete, was permitted to go away. And when a multitude had come together to gaze on the spectacle, the saint, opening his mouth, said :—‘Men and brethren, why do ye stand staring in wonder at this thing? Believe me that before man became disobedient to his Creator, not animals alone, but even the elements, were subject to him. But now, on account of his transgression, all things having been turned to their contraries, the lion is accustomed to tear, the wolf to devour, the serpent to wound, the water to drown, the fire to burn, the air to corrupt, and the earth converted to iron to destroy by famine. And, to complete this great heap of abounding evil, man not only fights against man, but he himself voluntarily becomes cruel to himself. Still, since many saints have been found perfect before God in true innocence and pure obedience, in holiness, faith, love, and righteousness, they have recovered from the Lord, as it were, the old common right and natural gift, inasmuch as they are wont to command beasts and elements, diseases and deaths.’” Thus far, Camerarius faithfully followed his two predecessors; but he has a curious piece of information to add, on his own responsibility. “Besides,” he says, “this miracle was so celebrated that, lest its memory should at any time perish, they attached it to the city itself, which was previously called by another name—Glasgow that is, which word signifies a wolf and a stag; and Glasgow is, to this day, the name of that city, adorned with a famous archiepiscopal See.”

We have not a word to say, either for or against this etymological effort of Camerarius; neither does it appear at all necessary to discuss the theory of saintly privileges attributed by him to Kentigern. Of course no one believes that the alleged address is authentic, or indeed anything else than a rhetorical flourish by some one or other of St. Mungo’s biographers. It

may have appeared in the lost portion of the Glasgow MS., and it certainly does occur in Jocelin's Vita*—either way coming to us from the twelfth century. At that time miracles were by no means supposed to have ceased, nor indeed are they now; but they had become much rarer than they were reported to have been in the earlier ages, and there was an ominous caveat in the fact that they were felt to need some explanation. The little sermon invented for Kentigern is both curious and instructive as a record of the opinions which, among men who were learning to think more or less, had begun to prevail in the twelfth century.

The prodigies of those remote times are said to have repeated one another after a somewhat strange fashion; the demand appears to have been too active for the slow brains employed in fabricating them, and therefore it was found convenient to manufacture them occasionally in duplicate. The springing up of fountains wherever they happened to be wanted, is a familiar example. For a match to the wolf of Kentigern, we have only to turn a single leaf of the Breviary. There† we read that St. Foelanus, or Fillan, "having, in consequence of angelical admonition, left his holy mother Kentigerna, came to his uncle Conganus, a man of the greatest sanctity, at a place which is called Siriacht, in the upper parts of Glendochquhy, or Glendochart, in which place a spot for the erection of a basilica for himself and seven clerical servants, was divinely pointed out to him. After he had stayed a short time there, he drove utterly away, with his little dog, an extremely ferocious wild boar which had previously devastated the whole people with its ravages. And in the same place, he converted many from the error and perfidy of heathenism and idolatry, to the faith of Christ. And while he was building the church on the spot pointed out to him from heaven, when the oxen had been loosed from his carts, a voracious and savage wolf killed and devoured one of the oxen by night. In the morning, when he had not an ox to supply the place of that which had been killed, after he had poured out his prayer to God, the same wolf, coming back as a tame creature, submitted itself to the yoke of the team along with the remaining oxen; and persevering moreover, continued to pull with the rest till the completion of the said church, after which it returned, without hurting any one, to its own accustomed nature."

* Pinkerton, *Vitae*, 238.

† II., fol. xxvi.

Another remarkable feature of Kentigern's farming operations, which is alluded to in the response quoted above, remains to be illustrated; and here our fullest information is furnished by Jocelin. "While the holy man was thus speaking," says that writer,* "they who were present were no less edified by his eloquence than they had previously been astonished by the manifest miracle. Then when the ploughed field should have been sown, the saint inquired for seed and found none, because the whole produce of the last year had been given away in alms to the poor. Therefore he had recourse to his customary arms of prayer, and in his faith doubting nothing, he took sand instead of seed, and scattered it on the ground. When this had been done, at the proper time the plant grew and the young shoot sprang up, the stalk produced the ear, and presenting the best and heaviest wheat at the usual season, overwhelmed all who saw or heard with extreme amazement; and his celebrity, which had been high before, was greatly enhanced afterwards. Truly the saint, by the virtue of that grain of corn which, after it fell into the earth by death, on rising again brought forth much fruit, gathered a harvest of grain from a sowing of sand. He himself also, for the bowels of holy mother church, the best of all soils, by the ploughshare of the gospel, secured countless multitudes who had formerly been unstable in mind, and blown about by every wind of erroneous doctrine, whose folly was more inconstant than the sand of the sea; and with the help of God he caused them to produce grain of salvation in faith, and charity, and the practice of good works. And these He himself, the great Father, has judged worthy of translation to celestial garners and His own table."

4. *The Irish jester and the winter bramble-berries.* We have thought that a single specimen of Jocelin's spiritualizing might be worth inserting, in spite of the cruel use of metaphor into which it betrayed him; still the transition which gives us another prolusive strain is a pleasant one. Immediately after the response of which we have said enough, the following versicle occurs:—

"V. Et dumus insolitas brume dat tempore bachas."

The incident here alluded to, which has been left unexplained by the compiler of the office, is placed by the biographers of Kentigern far down among his gestic, and after his return from

* Pinkerton, 238.

Wales to Glasgow. Thus much premised, we again refer to Jocelin,* the substance of whose pompous narrative, and much of its phraseology as well, are retained in the abridged version of Capgrave.

"King Rederech," says our authority, "was highly exalted by the Lord, because he clave to His service in faith and good works, and in obedience to the will of St. Kentigern. For glory and riches were in his home, liberality was in his heart, urbanity in his mouth, munificence in his hand; because the Lord had blessed the works of his hands. Whence, not only in the surrounding regions of his own territory, but also beyond the sea into Ireland, the fame of his generosity had gone out. Wherefore, by a certain king of Ireland, a jester, skilled and expert in his trade, was sent to Cambria to the court of the foresaid king, in order that he might see whether the truth corresponded with the report which had been so widely circulated. Having been admitted to the palace, the jester played with his hand on the timbrel and harp; and he delighted the king and his courtiers on all the feast days of our Lord's nativity. When the solemnity of the Lord's most sacred epiphany was over, the king ordered gifts, such as befitted his royal magnificence, to be produced and given to the jester. Rejecting all these, the bard (*hystrio*) or player asserted that he could obtain plenty of such things in his own country. Asked by the king what he would be pleased to accept, he replied that he was in no want of gold or silver, garments or horses, in which Ireland abounded. "But if you please," he added, "in order that I may go away guerdoned by you, let a plateful of fresh bramble-berries be given me." They who heard that word come out of the man's mouth were convulsed with laughter, because they imagined that his jesting tongue had said this as a joke; and a court-attendant of his kind is usually acceptable in the eyes of those who hear him, in proportion to the success of his ludicrous talk in exciting their mirth. But he affirmed with an oath that he had asked the bramble-berries, not in joke at all, but in serious earnest; nor could he by any means whatever,—by entreaties, by promises, by the offer of the most ample gifts,—be bent from this intention of his; and rising up he intimated his wish to withdraw and,—as the vulgar phrase runs,—await the king's honour. But the king took all this sufficiently ill, and inquired of those who were about him what could be done on the occasion, so that

* Pinkerton, *Vitæ*, &c., 277

he might not be disgraced; for it was winter, and not a bramble-berry could anywhere be found. By the advice therefore of his friends he went to St. Kentigern, and humbly requested that he would by prayer procure from God what was demanded. The man of God, although he did not deem it pleasant to practice prayer in the interest of such frivolities, yet had known that the king cherished much devotion towards God and the holy church; and though he saw him to be at fault in this particular, the holy bishop resolved to comply with his petition, hoping on such an occasion to do him good. Accordingly, after a moment's deliberation and a short prayer, he said to the king, 'Do you remember where, in summer, you threw away the garment which you wore, on account of the excessive heat, and in order that you might follow your dogs more rapidly when you were hunting; and having forgotten or not caring to pick it up again, has it not occurred to you how you can exonerate yourself?' The king replied, 'My lord, king, and bishop, I know the time and place.' 'Go at once,' said the saint, 'to the spot, where you will find that garment still entire, and spread over a bramble-bush, with plenty of ripe berries under it, quite fresh and fit for pulling. Gather these and satisfy the jester's demand; and take care that in all possible ways you honour God more and more, for that He does not permit your honour to be sullied or impaired.' The king did as the prelate bade him, and found everything exactly as the latter had foretold; wherefore taking a plate and filling it with bramble-berries, he presented it to the bard, saying, 'There, take what you have demanded; for, with the Lord's hand helping us, it is beyond your power to bring the slightest reproach on my munificence; and lest I should seem more parsimonious to you than to others, stay with us as long as you please.' When the bard or jester saw the dish full of bramble-berries at so unseasonable a time, he was overwhelmed with astonishment, and exclaimed, 'Truly among the kings of the earth there is none like you, so munificent are you in your bounty; neither is there any one like Kentigern, distinguished for holiness, worthy of praise, and a worker of miracles, who before my sight has done things so surprising. But I will not withdraw from your palace or from your service; I will be your slave always, so long as I shall live.' The bard accordingly remained at the king's court, and for many a day did his proper work there in the capacity of jester. Afterwards, contrary to the

habits and character of all his past life, moved by the fear of God, he renounced the office of a bard, and entering the ways of a better life, devoted himself to the service of God."

This curious story is not supposed to require any commentary; and we proceed to say a few words on a collateral topic. The intercourse between Kentigern and Ireland, or rather between him and natives of that island, though we know of no means by which it could be satisfactorily explored, is frequently brought under our notice by the documents with whose contents we are engaged. In the lections of the Breviary it is true, which directly relate to Kentigern, there is no allusion whatever to this intercourse; and the versicle which we have been attempting to explicate contains the only reference to it that occurs in the office. But the legend of St. Conwal presumes the fame of Kentigern, as a Christian teacher, to have become so brilliant in Ireland as to attract disciples from the Green island, to the banks of the Clyde and the Molendinar. Moreover, as we are told by Jocelin,* and after him in nearly the same words, by the anonymous writer in Capgrave's collection,† the services of an Irish prelate were obtained for the consecration of the reluctant Mungo as the first bishop of Glasgow. Again, from the same two writers‡ we hear that, after having been driven away into Wales, and so earning the title of confessor, by the hostility of king Morken's relatives, he was recalled to Clydesdale by king Rederech, or Roderic, who had been baptized in Ireland by the disciples of St. Patrick. It is beyond all question therefore, that these legendary writers wished to represent the relations between the Hibernian and the Cambrian Christians, with Kentigern at the head of the latter in North Britain, as intimate, habitual, friendly, and confidential.

But then, the lections of the Breviary and the *vita* in Capgrave are both of them distinctly derived from Jocelin of Furness, on whose sole authority therefore all that we have yet heard of Kentigern's connection with Ireland, ultimately rests; and such ground is as slippery as it is narrow. Yet where are we to look for corroborative evidence? It is disappointing,—almost even staggering,—to reflect that we need not turn to Bede, by whom our saint seems never to have been heard of, and that we have failed to discover the slightest trace of him in the "Annals of the Four Masters." The unsettled and transitional state of our south-western districts may

* Pinkerton, 223. † Act. Sanct. Jan. II. 99. ‡ Pink. 261, Act. Sanct., &c., 101.

be supposed sufficiently to account for the silence, or even the ignorance, of the venerable monk of Jarrow, especially when viewed in combination with the bitter hostility between the earlier British church and the Romanized ecclesiastical system introduced by St. Augustine of Canterbury, to the latter of which that writer was zealously devoted. Considerations like these, however, are in no wise applicable to the great national work that has been named; and though it also is mute, we may still hope to obtain some glimmering light on the subject of our inquiry from a collateral source. In the time of Kentigern, or from and after A.D. 503, the Scots, after many previous incursions, were permanently establishing themselves, both race and name, in Ergadia or Argyleshire, which lies adjacent to our northern Cambria on the west. Thither, in A.D. 563, St. Columba had followed his compatriots, many of them his kinsmen, and along with twelve companions had placed his ecclesiastical metropolis in the small island of Hy or Iona. The intruders were Christians, nominally at least; and if no traces of intercourse between them and the Cambro-British Christians of Clydesdale, or through them between the latter and their co-religionists in Hybernia, could be discovered, we might possibly begin to be somewhat distrustful of the hagiologists, and dubious as to the historical position of St. Mungo. And yet such traces are extremely slight. Precisely a century after the death of Columba in A.D. 597, Adamnan, the ninth abbot of Iona, wrote a life of his illustrious predecessor, the founder of the monastic establishment in that lonely island; but in this primitive and venerable document the name of our saint does not occur; nor does it contain the slightest allusion to the alleged meeting of the two great teachers on the banks of the Molendinar at Glasgow. This incident is magniloquently described by Jocelin, whose narrative, in a considerably chastened and abridged form, reappears in Capgrave's anonymous *vita*; and from this last the brief notice of it in Lections viii. and ix. of the office in the Breviary, appears to have been derived. Failing to find any corroboration of Jocelin's story on the more trustworthy pages of Adamnan, we have met with nothing of that nature more to the purpose than the following traditionary scrap. Jocelin tells* us how, after the performance of a conspicuous miracle by Kentigern, Columba and he exchanged their *baculos* or pastoral staves, *in pignus quoddam et testimonium mutuae dilectionis*; add-

* Pinkerton, 283.

ing that the *cambo* given by the abbot to the bishop had been long preserved, out of reverence for both saints, in the church of the holy bishop and confessor Wilfrid at Ripon. Now this, if it had stood alone, must of course have gone for nothing at all; but then Fordun,* writing about two centuries and a-half later, at any rate verifies the tradition. "*Ac nunc cambo, he says, quem beatus Kentigernus a beato Columba receperat, in ecclesia Sancti Wilfridi de Ripoun, aureis crustulis inclusus, ac margaritarum diversitate circumstellatus, cum magna reverentia adhuc servatur.*" That is, "And now the cambo (or crook) which the blessed Kentigern had received from the blessed Columba, inclosed in gold mountings and studded round with a variety of pearls, is still preserved with great reverence in the church of St. Wilfrid of Ripon." But for the gold and the pearls we might have suspected that the author of the *Scotichronicon* merely echoes the monk of Furness.

We have yet a few more words to add regarding the recognition of Kentigern by Christians in or from Ireland. Among the "additional notes" to Adamnan's "*Vita Sancti Columbae*," prepared for "the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society," the singularly accomplished editor, under the letter O, gives us a compact "*Chronicon Hyense*," the materials for which, he says, "are furnished principally by the Irish Annals, especially those of Ulster." From the last-named source accordingly we suppose the following entry, which occurs† under date A.D. 601, to have been derived:—"Quies S. Kentigerni episcopi, et obitus Roderici regis." Now this is something; but it is certainly not much. For an instant we imagined that we had obtained a surer foothold through the last clause of the obituary quotation. Adamnan devotes a chapter‡ to a prophecy of Columba "*De Roderco filio Lothail, qui in petra Cloithe regnavit*," or concerning Roderic, the son of Lothail (elsewhere called Rhydderch Hael, &c.,) who reigned at (or on) the rock of Clyde (Dumbarton); and he begins it thus:—"Alio idem in tempore hic, ut erat sancti viri amicus, aliquam ad eum, &c." The editor says, in a note which he subjoins to the word *amicus*, "His special favourite was St. Kentigern, the friend of St. Columba, through whose agency Christianity became established in his dominions." On reading these words, we asked ourselves, with profound deference for his opinion, and great willingness to welcome so material a testimony to the

* Vol. I. p. 134.

† *Adama. Vit. Columb. Bannatyne Club E.I. p. 372.*

‡ Lib. I. c. 15.

historical claims of our saint, whether Dr. Reeves could mean that the *sanctus vir*, of whom king Roderic was the *amicus*, denoted St. Mungo. A careful perusal of the text satisfied us that he intended nothing of the kind,—that though the note is apt to be misleading, and seems to us somewhat irrelevant, still the holy man, of whom the king was the friend, was none other than Columba himself; and that, in this chapter, we have not the remotest allusion to the great Glasgow Patron Saint. The result is that the only testimony even to the existence of Kentigern, which we have been able to obtain from Ireland, is derived from Annals compiled, no doubt from previously existing materials, by Cathal or Charles Maguire, who died in A.D. 1498.* Surely other notices of a prelate who was so distinguished in Clydesdale must exist among the voluminous Irish records; but the documents, and often the language in which they are written, place them wholly beyond our reach.

5. *St. Serf's cook raised from the dead.* Still following the order of the office in the Breviary, we come next to Lection IV., and the miracle wrought on St. Serf's cook. Here again the compiler of the ritual commemoration has given the story in a comparatively modest form. The version adopted by the Bollandists,† though it also considerably tones down Jocelin's original, may serve our purpose here as an example of the class of fictions to which it belongs. "When the cook of Servanus," we are told, "worn out by infirmity, breathed out his vital spirit, he was buried according to custom. But on the next day, at the instigation and entreaty of all his envious disciples, the holy old Servanus, adjuring Kentigern by the holy and terrible name of the Lord, commanded him, in virtue of holy obedience, at least to try what he could do towards the resurrection of his servant. The youth, shuddering at the adjuration, ordered the earth to be thrown out of the grave; and, prostrated in tears, implored the mercy of the Lord, saying, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, the life and the resurrection of the dead, who killest and makest alive, who leadest down to Hades and bringest back again, to whom life and death are obedient, who raisedst up Lazarus on the fourth day,—revive this dead man, that Thy holy name may be blessed above all things for ever.' Nor was there any delay; he who had been buried, rising from the dead, afterwards related the punishments of the wicked and the joys of the

* O'Curry's Lectures, pp. 84, 85.

† Act. Sanct. Jan. II. 98.

righteous which he saw, and converted many from evil to good, and by his words confirmed the good to the end that they should become yet better. He affirmed that with grief unutterable he was torn away from human affairs, and led before the tribunal of the tremendous Judge; and there he saw many, after having received sentence, precipitated into hell, others doomed to purgatorial regions, several elevated with great exultation to heavenly joys. And when he was trembling in expectation of his own sentence, he heard that he was the person for whom Kentigern, beloved of the Lord, was praying; and then by a certain shining man he is ordered to be returned to the body,—to be restored to life and his former health; and is, by his same earnest conductor admonished that thenceforth he should be careful to lead a more correct life. For the same cook, assuming the religious habit, and going on from virtue to virtue, survived seven years. On the covering of his tomb the manner in which he had been raised up by St. Kentigern is sculptured in letters.”

Now this, like most of the legendary miracles, sets the commentator utterly at defiance; it will submit to no theoretical explication, ethical, symbolical, or simply charitable. As for the visions, it would be very easy to match them, over and over again, and to pretend that we were in this way illustrating them; but such a process comes ultimately to nothing; and is in truth a mere intellectual juggle, like a game played for counters; we shall therefore content ourselves with referring on this head to the curious trances of St. Fursey.* But it may be added that, though we hear nothing more of the risen cook's life, we yet learn from a manuscript, not of very ancient date,—a grail, antiphoner, or some other such minor service-book of our pre-reformation church, that the said cook, having died a second time, was buried at Lochquiniach. Of course this alleged interment must be referred to the burying-place connected with some earlier ecclesiastical erection, on or near the spot where Lord Semple founded and endowed a college in A.D. 1504., within what are now the “grounds” of Castle-semble; for even the old church and churchyard of the present Lochwinnoch are comparatively modern. The MS. above referred to was seen by us some twelve years ago, in the possession of our lamented friend, the late Joseph Robertson; and is believed to be now in the Advocates' Library.

6. *King Morken's barns emptied.* Immediately after the

* Bede, Hist. Eccles. Lib. III. c. xix.

lection that has just been reviewed, we meet with the following response and versicle, of which the sequel gives no explanation :—

“ R. Dum negat annonam populo trux regulus aptam,
Ad loca pontificis subito ruit area messia.
V. Cluda fluctus Christum novit non invidus ipsum.”

Jocelin has expended almost more than the usual amount of his inflated eloquence on the alleged miracle thus alluded to ; but we may again content ourselves with the greatly abridged version in Capgrave's collection. This then is the story* :—When, on a certain occasion, Kentigern was in want of provisions for the Brothers, and went to the Cambrian king, Morken by name, intimating the destitution of his friends, he humbly implored that he (the king, viz.,) according to the apostolical admonition, would supply their need out of his own plenty. But he with blasphemous mouth said to him ironically, ‘Cast thy care on the Lord, and He will sustain thee ; since nothing is lacking to them that fear God, as thou hast been accustomed to teach others. Yet thou, while thou fearest God and keepest His commandments,—art thou in want of all good things, and even of necessary food ?—whereas I, who seek neither the kingdom of God nor His righteousness,—why all things as thou seest, smile upon me in prosperity and abundance. Vain therefore is thy faith, and thy preaching is proved to be false.’ But the holy man maintained, on the testimony of sacred Scripture, the conclusions of reason, and the strength of examples, that many righteous and holy men are afflicted with destitution and thirst in this world, while the reprobate are elevated to great opulence and heights of honour ; but that the poor will be the patrons of the rich, by whose beneficence they are sustained ; and he taught strenuously that the rich need the patronage of the poor as vines need the support of the elm. At length the king, unable to bear his words, replied thus :—‘If, trusting in thy God, and without human assistance, thou shalt be able to transfer to thine own mansion, all the corn which thou seest contained in the barns, I willingly consent ; and as to the rest, I will devoutly comply with thy demands.’ But the saint of God, with eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, poured out a prayer with tears to the Lord. And lo ! in the same hour, the river Clyde, rushing from below, began suddenly to swell and overflow its banks ; and carried along with it the entire barns of the king

* Act. Sanct. Jan. II. p. 100

with the corn in them, up to the very place, Mollingdenor by name, where the saint was accustomed to reside. So utterly uninjured by the waters was everything found, that not even an ear appeared to have been wetted."

7. *Kentigern leaves St. Serf and Culross.* The compiler of the office in the Breviary, whoever he may have been, is much to be commended for the prudent reserve which, in Llection V., he displays on this subject. Seldom, even by a hagiographer, has nonsense of so gross a description been placed on record, as that which meets us concerning the parting of Mungo and Servanus. Here, as usual, Jocelin is the principal offender; but the writer in Capgrave's *Vitae*, who abridges his predecessor's narrative, removing some of its extravagant features, obviously lacked both the sagacity and the information requisite to prevent him from transcribing palpable absurdities. A superstitious avidity for the miraculous, and an almost fatuous credulity in regard to every allegation or pretence of it, were prominent features in the mediæval orthodoxy; and on the pages of ecclesiastical authors down to the fifteenth century, we expect to discover the natural results of them, in a superabundance of prodigies and some considerable confusion concerning the value of evidence. In this instance we have both of these, to an extent beyond all moderate expectation. Instead, however, of directly quoting either Jocelin or Capgrave, we shall here retire from the functions of commentator in deference to Archbishop Ussher; merely premising that Kentigern is, by the biographers, affirmed to have withdrawn from Culross simply for the purpose of escaping from the jealousy, ill-will, and active hostility of his fellow-disciples, though not without some distinct intimation that his design was approved of by the supreme Ruler of all things.

After having exposed some wild fictions, of which we may hear more below, relating to the earlier days of Saint Serf, Ussher goes on to say*:—"And yet, perhaps, these things are not more ridiculous than others, which John of Tinmouth† relates as having been done in the last stage of his life, describing as follows how it was that his disciple and foster-son

* Works, Elrington's Edition VI. 214.

† The same whom we, after the Bollandists, have preferred quoting as the anonymous writer in Capgrave's "Nova Legenda." It appears that, in A.D. 1366, or thereby, John of Tinmouth compiled what he called a "Sanctilogium," containing lives of 157 British saints; and that from his MS. John Capgrave borrowed 154; but to the question,—who was the author of these *vitae*?—there is no answer. See *Liber de illustribus Henricis*, edited by the Rev. F. C. Hingeston, pp. 191-193.

Kentigern withdrew from his abode. 'Retiring secretly, he (Kentigern) came to the river Mallena, which, overflowing its channel through the influx of the sea-brine, entirely extinguished all hope of crossing. But the Lord who divided the Red Sea, and once led the people of Israel through the midst of it with dry feet, He himself divided the river Mallena for His servant, and there were as if it had been walls on his right hand and on his left. Then having crossed the narrow arm of the sea by a bridge (*per pontem*; here, however, *pons* must be understood to denote the miraculous ford), he saw the waters fill the channel with a sudden rush, and deny a passage for any one. And that place was for the future impassable; and thenceforth the bridge (*i.e.*, the ford), covered over with water, no longer afforded any one an opportunity of crossing. Moreover, the river Mallena, forsaking its course, thenceforth twisted itself about into the channel of the river Ledon; and thus two rivers which had until then been divided have since that day been commingled. And lo! the holy Servanus, having followed the fugitive with a staff supporting his aged limbs, stood on the bank, and loudly wailing, said:—'Alas! my dearest son, light of my eyes, staff of my old age! why do you forsake me? why do you leave me? Reflect, I beseech you, how, when you issued from your mother's womb, I took you up, supported you, taught you, educated you down to this very hour; do not abandon my hoary hairs.' But the holy man, bursting into tears, said:—'You see, father, that what is going on is divine; nor are we able to change the purpose of the Highest, or to refuse compliance with His will.' 'I beg,' said Servanus, 'that, as you did before, you will again divide the brine by your prayer,—that you will lay the soil bare, in order that I, passing over alone on dry ground, may come to you. For I will become to you a son instead of a father, a disciple instead of a teacher, and an inseparable companion as long as I live.' Then the holy man, bathed with many tears, said:—'Go back, I beseech you, my father; and instruct your disciples by teaching and example, and correct them by discipline. May He who recompenses whatever is good, reward you for all the benefits which you have conferred on me! For you have fought the good fight, and have now finished your course. But I go forward whither He who separated me from the womb of my mother has sent me.' And so, with mutual benedictions, they departed from one another. Soon after-

wards the holy Servanus, in a good old age, passed away to the Lord.'"

"In this narrative," so Ussher resumes, "it escaped the writer that by the words Mallena and Ledo, no rivers of the names are at all denoted, but merely the increasing and decreasing tides of the ocean; 'which,* by a course alternating through seven and eight days, distribute each month among them by the quadriform variety of their own change.' For the lesser tides are called Ledones, which 'begin from the fifth moon, and in like manner from the twentieth; and for as many hours as they advance, for so many they recede. Malinae are the greater, which begin from the thirteenth and twenty-eighth moons, and last six days and fifteen hours; and they are more rapid in advancing,—slower in receding.' So the venerable Bede,—and before him the author of the books "*de mirabilibus Sacrae Scripturae* :—'A daily inundation twice a day, from time to time, goes always on through the twenty-four hours; and through the alternate weeks it is accompanied by the rotation of Ledo and Malina. But Ledo has six hours of flood and as many of ebb; Malina, on the other hand, rushes up with a grand swell for five hours, and then for seven hours leaves the sand-ridges on the shore uncovered.' Marcellus Empiricus also, who flourished in the time of the emperor Valentinian; Wilibaldus, in the end of the life of Boniface; the writers, too, of the acts of Rumoldus and Gummarus, have all made mention of Ledo (or Liduna) and Malina; and Roger Hoveden, describing the Lindis, a small stream in Northumberland, says :—'Lindis is the name of a streamlet which runs into the sea, having two feet in breadth when it is Ledo,—that is, the lesser tide, and it can then be seen; but when it is Malina,—that is, the greater tide of the sea, then the Landis cannot be seen.'"

We have tried to translate Ussher's Latin, and that of his authorities, as correctly as we could, without the least regard to elegance of expression, which, indeed, neither of them possesses in the original. But although the demonstrated blundering of Jocelin and his follower,—whether John of Tinmouth or the anonymous writer of the Bollandists,—has disembarrassed us of a topographical problem which seemed insoluble, yet we cannot but feel that the archbishop's curious learning throws no light whatever on the actual facts, if there were any

* Here Ussher quotes Bed. *de temporum ratione*, cap. 27, whose account of our spring-tides and neap-tides is not very clear, though in a way intelligible.

such, connected with the alleged parting. Could we believe,—what is wholly incredible,—that St. Serf had his constant or even his principal residence in some kind of Cœnobium at Culross, and there conducted the Christian education of Kentigern for about twenty years consecutively, then there must probably have been a leave-taking, after one fashion or another, between the two; and the latter of them must have crossed the Forth somewhere,—no doubt fifteen or twenty miles further up the stream,—on his way from the banks of that river to those of the Clyde. But the dramatic scene between the old man and the youth, so mawkishly sketched by the hagiographers, and the miraculous confluence and permanent union of two previously distinct streams, are as purely fictitious from beginning to end as even the imaginary rivers Ledo and Mallena.

8. *The consequences of kicking our saint.* Another unexplained response and versicle follow the fifth lection:—

“ R. Dum famulum pede percussit ira tyranni,
Membra rapit misera dolor ingens dira podagra.
V. Posteritas recolit quod adhuc pes improbus egit.”

Here, again, the anonymous writer in Capgrave of the Bollandists, or Ussher's John of Tinmouth, gives a greatly abridged, or even in this case a grossly mutilated, version of Jocelin's narrative. The stringency of his compression may be measured by the fact that from him we have only four short sentences, instead of the following grandiloquent story, told in cramp and troublesome Latin, by the monk of Furness.

“ After that, by the transportation of the corn,” says this writer,* “ he had gladdened the city of God, where the conscript citizens of the saints and those who belonged to the household of God were gathered together into one,—then for the service of the living God, the faithful and wise distributor appointed in the house of the great Paterfamilias delivered over the measure of grain, dividing it among his fellow-servants according as each of them was in want. But what was over he dispersed, and gave to the poor; nor did he send away any needy petitioner empty. But the foresaid king Morken, although exceedingly rich and great in men's eyes, nevertheless, being a slave of mammon, grudged the loss, as he deemed it, of his year's produce, which had happened through the miracle. Whence his enjoyment of his own was impaired, and his spirit was embittered; even as the rays of the sun, though

* Pinkerton, 241.

welcome and pleasant to sound eyes, yield nothing but darkness to such as are diseased and distorted. With his morbid eye accordingly, in his fury he uttered many reproaches against the holy bishop, denouncing him as a magician and a sorcerer; and he intimated to him that if he ever again appeared within the royal sight, he should endure the severest punishment due to those who had been guilty of treason. For a certain most wicked man, Catheli by name (Capgrave calls him Cathen), who was in the confidence of the king, had instigated him to the hatred and injury of the holy prelate, because the life of the good is wont to be odious and burdensome to the depraved; and the mind which is already inclined to evil, eagerly takes him for an adviser who recommends what it wishes. For, according to Scripture, he who is his own leader (*dux ipsius*) has none other than impious ministers, and usually chooses as confidants those who, after hearing calumnies with willing ears, infuse their own poisonous whisper, and by means of fresh fuel or supplementary slanders, blow up the flame, lest it should be extinguished.

"But the man of God, desiring to conquer malice by wisdom, approached the presence of the prince in the spirit of gentleness rather than with the rod of severity; and after the manner of the most benignant father, he strove, by instruction and admonition, to correct the folly of his son. For he knew that the madness of Saul was alleviated by the dulcet strains of David's harp; and that, in accordance with the opinion of Solomon, the wrath of a prince is appeased by patience. But the man of Belial, like the deaf adder which closes its ears lest it should hear the voice of the cunning charmer, did not acquiesce in the counsel of salvation. Nay, stimulated by an access of madness, he rushed upon him, struck him with his foot, and laid him headlong on the ground. When the saint, however, had been raised up by the bystanders, in order that his doctrine might be approved by his patience, he bore both the hurt and the insult with the utmost meekness, committing his cause to the arbitration of the supreme Judge; and so from the presence of the sacrilegious king, he went away rejoicing that he was held worthy to suffer contumely for the word of the Lord.

"Cathen, the instigator of this profane outrage, mounted his horse laughing, and departed full of self-gratulation, as one who deemed himself to have gained a great victory over the saint. But, behold! judgment went forth from before the face

of the Lord, that He might do justice for His servant who had sustained the injury. He had not yet gone far from the crowd which was collected in the place, when the steed on which he sat, striking his foot against I know not what obstacle, fell; and the rider expired before the gate of the king his master, the head which he had proudly exalted against the saint of the Lord having been fractured. And a swelling attacked the king's feet; pain succeeded the swelling; death followed the pain; and after he had died, he was buried at the royal residence, which, from his own name, is called Thorp-Morken. That disease, however, was not buried with him, so as to be cut off from his family succession. For beginning at that date, the disease did not cease down to a future age, but gout propagated itself into posterity; and although neither in features nor in habit of body, yet by this kind of malady, the race bore the likeness of its ancestry."

9. *Kentigern gives sight to a blind king.* The VIth lection requires very little remark. The marvels which it records, omitted altogether by Capgrave, fill a considerable chapter of Jocelin.* This chapter contains no additional information, and is noticeable chiefly for a very distasteful parallel which it presents between Simeon and Fergus, and for telling us that Glasghu had been previously called Cathures. Two chapters further down,† the same author tells us that "Kentigern fixed his cathedral seat at a village named Deschu, that is to say, *Cara Familia*, which is now called Glaschu." Are we therefore to conclude that two very ancient villages,—Cathures, near the Clyde, and Deschu, close by the site of the cathedral,—as well as many a modern one,—have been absorbed into the colossal dimensions of our modern Glasgow?

But immediately after the sixth lection are interjected a response and a versicle, which require some explanation.

"R. Fit subito cecus rex Melchom, vir truculentus;
Cui prece pontificis reparantur et organa lucis.
V. Wallia, quo viso, credit cum principe Christo."

Here, by a single sentence in Capgrave, we are again remitted, for the particulars of the legend that is prolusively pointed at, to the monk of Furness. And once more we are dragged far out of the chronological course,—if indeed any question of order were applicable to such romances.

Retiring from Clydesdale, as Jocelin relates,‡ before a conspiracy of Morken's clan against his life, Kentigern resolved

* Pinkerton, 218.

† Ibid., 223.

‡ Pinkerton, 244.

to seek safety and scope for evangelistic work at Menevia, "where then the holy prelate DIWI, like the morning star when with its rosy face it ushers in the day, was brilliantly exercising the episcopal function." On his way south he was eminently successful in converting the pagan people about "Carleolum" and in the wilds of Cumberland. There, as a symbol of the faith which he had introduced, he erected a cross at a place thence called "Crosfeld," where, *moderno tempore*, adds Jocelin,—probably in the eleventh or twelfth century,—a basilica was built *Beati KENTIGERNI nomini*. This monument of our saint is believed to exist still; but unfortunately it carries us no further back than the revival of Prince David. In due time the wanderer reached Menevia and St. Diwi, *sanus et incolumis*. At this point of his narrative our author becomes enthusiastically eloquent. "Then," he says, "these two sons of splendour dwelt together, assisting the Ruler of the universe, like two candles kindled before the Lord, whose tongues have been made the keys of heaven, so that by them a multitude of men passes through its gates. They were mutually bound together—these two saints—like the two cherubim in the sanctuary of the temple of the Lord, having their countenances bent immovably down on the mercy-seat. In the frequent contemplation of heavenly things they extended their wings upward; in the disposition and dispensation of earthly things (whatever that may mean) they bent the wings downward," &c. No wonder, if all this or even a tithe of it were true, that the fame of St. Mungo advanced in Wales with the speed of lightning, and soon reached the apex of royalty itself. In concession to his merely hinted wishes, the king Cadwallanus granted him, as a site for a monastery, *locum vocabulo Nautharum*: and then, *cum turba discipulorum copiosa*, he took an affectionate leave of his friend St. Diwi, or the famous St. David of Wales.

But although "the most holy Kentigern gave neither free sleep to his eyes nor quiet slumber to his eyelids, until he should find a suitable place for the building of a tabernacle to the Lord God of Jacob," tremendous difficulties had still to be surmounted before the destined site could be reached—*Abrupta montium, concava vallium, defossa terrarum, condensa veprium, opaca nemorum*,—why the complication was horrible; and but for the interposition of an inspired wild boar, who can tell whether there would ever have been a monastery, or a diocese, or a Lord-bishop of St. Asaph's?

While Kentigern and his companions were wearily plodding through those dismal intricacies, "lo! a solitary wild-boar from the forest, white all over, approached the feet of the saint, shaking its head, going slightly forward, then pausing and looking back; in that way telling the saint and his companions, as well as it could, that they ought to follow." They did follow, until at length the brute stood still and indicated the chosen spot by a variety of appropriate gestures,—by beating the earth with its foot, by tearing up the turf with its tusks, by much head-shaking and copious oral grunting. Of course, so demonstrative an omen was accepted. The favoured locality was situated on the bank of the river called Elgu; or, more definitely speaking, near the confluence of the Elwy and the Clwyd in Flintshire, where the city of St. Asaph's, formerly called Llan-Elwy, now stands. "Then the saint," says Jocelin, "giving thanks on his bended knees, worshipped the Almighty Lord, and rising up from prayer blessed the place and the neighbourhood in the name of the Lord; and then after erecting a cross as a witness and symbol of salvation, as well as a typical prophecy of the future religion, he pitched his tents there. The boar, seeing what was done, drew nearer with many a grunt, as if he was about to ask something of the bishop. But the saint, patting the head of the brute, and stroking his face and his tusks, spoke thus:—'May Almighty God, in whose power are all the wild beasts of the forests, the cattle on the hills and the oxen, the birds also of heaven and the fishes of the sea, confer on thee such a reward for thy conduct as He knows to be suitable for thee.' And the boar, as if amply recompensed, after bowing his head to the priest of the Lord, departed *et nota nemora repetiit*, and returned to its old haunts in the woods."

Any ordinary mortal would have imagined that the site of the future monastery and episcopal see, was already sanctioned by the most approved and indubitable auguries. But the monk of Furness seems to have thought otherwise. "In the following night," he says, "when the man of God, panting after heavenly things, lifted up his hands to the holy places, it was revealed to him from heaven that he should inhabit that spot, and should there build a monastery, into which his sons who had been dispersed might be gathered together into one, so that coming from the east and the west, the north and the south, they might deserve to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven." Then follows a

scene of wonderful activity, in the description of which Jocelin displays some reminiscences of his Virgil and the unhappy Dido. But when Kentigern's disciples were as busy as bees, intent on the rearing of a great establishment, constructed perhaps of newly cut timber and turf, if not altogether of wattles and clay, they were rudely interrupted in their enterprise. A certain heathen Anglican, Melchoinde Galganii by name,—(the Breviary calls him Melchom, and Capgrave leaves him anonymous, but gives him the title of *subregulus*,)—*homo truculentus*,—a man of blood, attended by his soldiers and a great rabble besides, presented himself, and being ignorant of God, fiercely challenged the builders by demanding,—who and whence they were, or how they dared to act as they were doing on his land? The saint meekly replied that they were Christians from the northern parts of Britain, who had come thither for the purpose of serving the living and true God. He asserted, moreover, that with the permission,—nay, by the bounty,—of king Cathwalla, their challenger's own lord, the building had been begun. But he, in a fury, ordered them all to be driven from the place, and everything that had been erected to be overthrown and dispersed; then he began his retreat towards his own abode. He went away, breathing out threatenings against the servants of Christ; and lo! the chastening hand of God touched him and smote him with instantaneous blindness. Nevertheless, as it afterwards appeared, this did not befall him without a meaning and a purpose. For while he was sitting in outward darkness, the true light shone into his heart. He therefore caused himself to be carried to the man of God, a humble penitent, suing both for the restoration of his sight, and for his sacramental ablution in the font of baptism. Then the saint, who strove not to be overcome of evil but to overcome evil with good, wished to return the man good for evil. After a prayer he laid his healing hand on the blind man in the name of the Lord, at the same time making the salutary sign of the cross, and turned his night into day. The convert was forthwith baptized, and became thenceforth a fellow-labourer of St. Mungo. He contributed with regal munificence towards the erection of the monastery, whence that work was speedily brought to a conclusion. Finally, by his diligence as a missionary, he succeeded in winning over to the Christian faith a large district of the surrounding country; and this he annexed as a diocese to the bishop's see, which he founded in connection with the

monastery, erecting the abbey church into a cathedral. "Thus," says Jocelin, "the Lord struck that chief in order to heal him, blinded him in order to give him light, of an old Saul making a new Paul."

10. *The queen and the ring.* By the office in the Breviary, which, for the present, our plan binds us to follow, we are prematurely recalled from Wales; and must postpone our notice of the circumstances under pressure of which our saint returned to Clydesdale. We must remember, however, that Kentigern had retired before a storm of persecution, and that there is a sanctological justice more exorbitant in its retributions than even the poetical, which could not possibly be satisfied with the simple restoration of an injured confessor to his former place and honours. St. Mungo's persecutors had been scourged by sore calamities; he had himself been invited home with affectionate importunity by a devout successor of the reprobate Morken; but the hagiographers demanded for him a still more glorious compensation. Nor could there be any difficulty. The universe is, in a vague sense, open to all alike; nevertheless, it is very true that it cannot be used alike by all. The poet is restrained by the rules, or the transcendental harmonies, of a noble art; the romancist has been bold and licentious, yet even he has usually displayed some sense of proportion and propriety, some feeling of reverence or regard for the sacred and the awful; the hagiologist alone made himself free of the whole, heaven and earth, life, death, and hell.

An example of this presumption, less offensive certainly than some things which we have already met with, but quite sufficiently audacious, presents itself in Jocelin's account, abridged as usual by Capgrave, of certain wonderful occurrences alleged to have happened shortly after the return from Wales. King Rederech, Rydderich, Redrath, or Roderic, was beside himself with joy at the recovery of so renowned a saint and thaumaturgus; nor did he hesitate to manifest outwardly what he inwardly felt. "For," says the monk of Furness,* "divesting himself of his royal attire, on his bent knees and clasping his hands, with the consent and by the advice of his lords, he offered his homage to St. KENTIGERN, delivered over to him the dominion and government of his whole kingdom, and wished him to be designated king, with himself as regent (*rectorem*) under him; in like manner as he knew that the

* Pinkerton, 267.

emperor Constantine the Great had once done to St. Sylvester." Hence the custom, adds Jocelin, that in the kingdom of Cumbria (*regnum Cambrinum*), as long as it lasted, the prince was subjected to the bishop; and it was frequently remarked by the king that the name Kentigern,—that is, *ken*, *caput*, and *tiern*, *dominus*,—had not been bestowed in vain by St. Serf at Culross.

"St. Kentigern," resumes Jocelin, "likened now to a new Melchizedek, did not refuse to accept what the king offered for the honour of God and with so much devotion, because he foresaw that it would afterwards benefit the church of God. For he possessed a privilege granted him by the supreme pontiff, that he should be subject to no other bishop, but should rather be called, and be, the vicar and the chaplain of the Lord the pope. But the king, because he crowned the holy prelate with glory and honour, received grace for grace, and greater honours and opulence from the Lord. The queen also, Langueth by name,—in a subsequent chapter, and by Capgrave, called Langueth,—through the benediction and intercession of the holy bishop, conceived and bore a son, to the joy and consolation of the whole family and kindred." Here we may interpose, episodically, an amusing blunder either of John of Tinmouth, or of the anonymous writer in Capgrave, which bewildered the astute Bollandists. "When the saint baptized the infant," continues Jocelin, "he called him Constantine, in memory of his father's action (*paterni facti*) done towards himself, like that which, as we have said, the emperor Constantine did towards St. Sylvester," In the *vita* transferred from Capgrave to the *Acta Sanctorum*, we read:—*Regina nomine Langueth, diu sterilis, prece famuli Dei concepit, et filium peperit; quem in memoriam S. Paterni Sanctus baptizans vocavit Constantinum*. Now the question why a child should be called Constantine in honour or memory of Paternus, might have puzzled men more familiar with family life than the Bollandists are supposed to have been. At any rate, to the mysterious clause, they subjoined this edifying note*:—*Colitur S. Paternus 16 Apritis, &c.* That is:—"St. Paternus is honoured on the 16th of April. He was a contemporary of St. David. But why a child baptized in memory of him should be called Constantine, we do not apprehend; unless we should read,—in the monastery or church of St. Paternus, in Ceretica or Cardiganshire, a province of Wales, in a town

* Act. Sanct. Jan. II. 102.

which is now called Llan-Badernaur, that is, the temple of Paternus the Great." Now it seems to us that this ingenious hypothesis involves insuperable difficulties of its own creation. No doubt, Capgrave's droll misreading of Jocelin deceived the plodding Bollandist; but he, too, might have remembered and considered, that the hagiographies contain even stranger transformations than that of a *factum paternum* into a Sanctus Paternus.

The boy-prince Constantine, of course, turned out to be a prodigy; but unhappily his mother, Langueth or Languoreth, fell under a cloud. The Breviary, though it does not speak distinctly out, leaves her reputation enveloped in a nasty haze of suspicion; the writer in Capgrave affirms quite bluntly that she had been allured by the beauty of a certain soldier, and had committed adultery; Jocelin says quite as much, though in a more circuitous and fulsome way. But here, if we may trust David Camerarius, we have the testimony of a still earlier document—that, viz., which was compiled for bishop Herbert, and from which Jocelin professes to have partly derived his materials. This oldest *Vita Kentigerni* appears to have been in a mutilated state, even when it was used by the author just named, though it clearly must have sustained additional injury and loss since; for the passage which he quotes from the remains of it is no longer to be found there. "Another miracle also," says he,* "is to be added, wherein the goodness and clemency of God towards His servant Kentigern, were no less manifest. And in relating this, *utor ego verbis cujusdam fragmenti seu manuscripti quod ex antiqua archiepiscopali Glasguensi bibliotheca habui*, I use the words of a certain fragment or manuscript which I have from the ancient archiepiscopal library of Glasgow. The queen of Scotland possessed a certain ring of great value, which she had received from the king of Scotland as a pledge of extreme love; but not long after its reception, by some accident she lost the ring, while, whether by sea or by land, she was visiting the royal palaces of the kingdom. The king, observing that the ring was amissing on her return home, became suspicious of the queen's chastity, and with some warmth demanded the ring back from her. But she, conscious at once of her conjugal fidelity and of her modesty, in grief and sadness of heart turned to God and urgently implored of Him that, for His infinite goodness and clemency, He would deign to restore the

* Camerarii de Scot. Fortitud., &c., 82.

lost ring and have respect to her shame. After her prayers, St. Kentigern came to the remembrance of the queen, who knew that he was celebrated for his miracles. She accordingly went, with many tears, to the holy bishop, and adjured him to protect her reputation, and by the help of God, with whom she knew there was nothing impossible, restore the lost ring. And the holy servant of God, moved with compassion, told the queen to hope the best. * * * The saint of God accordingly resorted to prayer; the Spirit of God came upon him, and rising from his devotions, he betook himself with rapid step to the river Clyde, which abounds in salmon; and to the first fisher he met he said, 'Cast your net as rapidly as you can for a draught, and bring me alive the first fish you catch.' Scarcely had the net been cast into the river when lo! a large and solitary salmon was caught by it; which, on being presented by the fisherman, was accepted by the saint; and he, having made the sign of the cross, thrust his hand into the mouth of the fish, and pulling out the king's ring freely gave it to the queen, who stood by in astonishment at what she saw. The fish which had been the instrument of so great a service he ordered to be restored to its liberty as before in the river."

It need hardly be pointed out that here the earliest known form of the legend is also, still assuming that we may trust Camerarius, the most agreeable to contemplate. But then it lacked a penitent, a confession, an absolution, and an exemplary or even heroical convert,—all of them dear to the ecclesiastical mind, in the middle ages at least; and above all, it lacked a real Magdalen, for whom the story-telling monks of those times displayed an overwhelming predilection. These are curious facts; but still facts they are,—as all who are familiar with the kind of literature referred to know; nor, were this the place for such a discussion, would it be at all difficult to account for them, satisfactorily or even scientifically. But it may be enough to add in this place, that at the expense of poor queen Langueth's reputation, the monk of Furness,—a man sufficiently imbued with the spirit of his order,—supplied everything that was defective in the miracle.

11. *Return from Wales.* Jocelin presents us with a doleful picture of disaster, pestilence, and famine, as the consequence, in the *regio Cambrina*, of Kentigern's retirement to South Britain; and he posits these horrors as a basis for the recal of the protecting saint. As usual, the narrative adopted by the Bollandists from Capgrave is considerably toned down

from the stilted style of its prototype ; and above all, it is shorter ; therefore once more, we may venture to give it the preference. But we must, first, from the same source, give a brief account of our saint's wonderful achievement in the Principality, especially as regards the success of his monastery. "There were assembled in that monastery," we are told,* "nine hundred and sixty-five brothers, serving God under regular discipline, in great abstinence. For he deputed three hundred, who were unlearned, to agriculture and the keeping of sheep outside of the monastery ; he assigned other three hundred to the doing of work and preparing of food within the monastery ; and he dedicated three hundred and sixty-five, who were educated, to the continual celebration of the divine offices. And he ordained that none of them should have easy egress, but that they should all dwell constantly as it were, in the sanctuary of the Lord. For he distributed the college into bands and companies ; so that, one company finishing the Lord's service in the church, another entering, should immediately begin the same ; which being concluded, another without delay should go on. And so, one band going out and another coming in, prayer was made without intermission to God by that church ; and through blessing the Lord continually, the praise of God resounded always in their mouth." We wonder whether Kentigern had ever heard of the famous *ascetae*, or sleepless monks, of Constantinople, as Jocelin and his southern follower may perhaps have done. Still it is to be remembered that practices which seem to us theurgical rather than devout, like weeds native to the soil, have sprung up independently, and in spite of higher culture, at different dates and localities within the great field of Christian life.

But to resume : "On a certain day when the servant of God continued very long in earnest prayer, his face, appearing like fire, filled the bystanders with wonder and ecstasy ; for they saw his face as if it had been an angel's standing among them. When his prayer was finished, he gave himself to very grievous lamentations ; and when his disciples humbly asked him the cause of his sadness, after sitting in silence a little he at length said :—' Know ye, my dearest brothers, that St. David, the ornament of Britain, the father of his country, having just escaped from the prison of the flesh, has penetrated the heavenly kingdom. Believe me that not only a multitude of angels introduced him to the joy of the Lord, but that the

* Act. Sanct. Jan. 11. 101.

Lord Jesus Christ, coming forth to meet him at the gates of paradise, crowned him in my sight with glory and honour. Know also that Britain, bereft of so great a light, will lament the absence of such a patron who opposed himself to the sword of the Lord, already half unsheathed over it on account of the wickedness of the inhabitants; lest, wholly drawn, it should smite even to extermination. The Lord will surely deliver Britain to alien nations ignorant of God; * * but by the mercy of God it will be again restored to its former state, yea, even to a better."

It is said to have been while St. Mungo was thus occupying, after the death of St. Diwi, the most distinguished place among the Christian teachers of Wales, that he was recalled to Clydesdale by the pious king Roderic. "He sent messengers with letters to St. Kentigern, beseeching and obtesting him by the name of the Lord that he should no longer withhold his care as a pastor, by deserting sheep long desolate and destitute of keeping; intimating also how ill he took it that the bridegroom should abandon the bride, the pastor the flock, the bishop his church, unless he were an hireling. He reported also that those who had sought his life were dead. By angelical admonition therefore he,—that is, Kentigern,—appointed St. Asaph his successor; and with six hundred and sixty brothers set out for the Cambrian territory. The king met him with a huge multitude praising God; whom when the saint had blessed he said:—'Let all, by the virtue of our Lord Jesus Christ, whosoever they be, that envy the salvation of men and are opposed to the word of God, instantly depart hence, lest they be a stumbling-block in the way of those who might believe.' When this had been said, then, with the utmost expedition, an enormous multitude of demons (*larvae*), horrible in stature and aspect, escaping from that assembly, fled away in the sight of all men; from whose appearance a great terror and alarm took possession of the crowd. The saint, comforting and strengthening the latter, showed them what kind of beings they had believed in, and stirred up the hearts of all who were present to faith in the living God. For by manifest reason, he showed that idols are to be reputed dumb, vain, figments of men, and more kindred to the fire than to divinity. He taught also that the elements, in which they believed divinities to be present, were creatures,—that they were works of the Creator, set forth by Him, for the use, the service, and the assistance of men. But Woden, whom the Angli believed to

be the supreme god, from whom they deduced their origin, and to whom they dedicated the fourth day of the week (*feria*), he asserted to have been a mortal man, and a king of the Saxons, from whom several nations derived their descent. Of him, he said, the body having been reduced to dust, the soul plunged into hell endures eternal fire.

"And when he had preached to the people many things relating to the faith, on the level of a plain, by name Holdelin, the earth whereon he was sitting swelled up before the eyes of all, into a considerable hill (*monticulum altum*), and remains there even to this day. For all, beholding these miracles, as soon as they had been instructed in the faith, received baptism. When the inhabitants of Cambria had been converted to the Lord, the heaven gave rain, and the earth, formerly sterile, yielded its fruits."

Yet, splendid as was Kentigern's reception on his return to Clydesdale, we must not permit it to divert us from some retrospective notices and other incidental matters connected with his temporary banishment. Our access to Welsh documents is unfortunately very limited; still we have been able to glean a few particulars, most of them only curious indeed, but two or three of them by no means destitute of something like historical interest. As regards the merely curious, probably the reader of this kind of literature may be first struck by a remarkable family-likeness between the properly Welsh legends, and those of the Cambro-British in the north. The story of Thenew and her son, for example, is easily matched; thus:—An angel disgusted St. Patrick at a place called Glyn Rosyn, in the district of Dyved, by foretelling the birth, thirty years later, of a greater saint than himself, for the occupation of the charming spot. "The aforesaid thirty years having expired," says our authority,* "the divine power sent Sandde, the king of Ceredigion, to the common people of the nation of Dyved, and he there met with a nun, a holy virgin named Non, who was very fair and handsome; whom lusting after, he violated her person, and she conceived a son, holy David; and neither before nor afterwards had she knowledge of man, but continuing in chastity of mind and body, led a most faithful life. For from the time of her conception, she lived on bread and water only, and in the place where she was violated and had conceived, was a moderate sized field pleasing to the sight, and well supplied with dew; in which field at the time

* *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints*—Welsh MS. Society, p. 421.

of her conception two great stones appeared, one at her head and the other at her feet, which had not been seen before ; for the earth, rejoicing at her conception, opened its mouth that it might preserve the modesty of the damsel, and foretell the importance of her offspring. The mother, as her womb was increasing, went according to the usual custom of offering alms and oblations for her delivery in childbirth, to a certain church to hear the preaching of the gospel, where preached Saint Gildas, the son of Caw, in the time of king Tryshun and his sons. When the mother entered, Gildas became suddenly dumb, and was as if his throat had been closed. And being asked by the people why his preaching was interrupted and he was silent, he answered, 'I am able to speak to you in common discourse, but I cannot preach ; but go you out so that I may remain alone, and may know if I can then preach.' The common people having therefore gone out, the mother remained hid in a corner, not because she would not obey the order, but thirsting with a great desire of hearing the precepts of life, she remained to show the privilege of so noble an offering. Then he attempted a second time with all his might, but being restrained by heaven, he was unable ; being therefore affrighted, he called with a loud voice, 'I adjure thee,' said he, 'if any one lies hid, that thou show thyself openly.' Then she, answering, said, 'I am here,' said she, 'hid between the wall and the partition.' And he, trusting to divine Providence, said, 'Go thou out of doors, and let the people return to the church.' And every one came to his seat where he had been before, and Gildas preached clearly as with a trumpet ; and the common people asked Gildas and said, 'Why couldest thou not preach to us the gospel of Christ the first time, and we were desirous to hear?' And Gildas answered and said, 'Call that nun here who is gone out of the church.' And the mother being asked, she confessed she was pregnant ; and the holy nun said, 'Here I am ;' and he said, 'The son that is in the womb of that nun has greater grace, and power, and order than I have, because God has given to him the privilege, and monarchy, and government of all the saints of Britain for ever before and after judgment. Farewell, brothers and sisters ! I cannot dwell here any longer, on account of the son of this nun ; because to him is delivered the monarchy over all the men of this island ; it is necessary for me to go to some other island, and leave all Britain to this child. One thing is clearly manifest to all, that she will bring forth to the world one who, in

the privilege of honour, brightness of wisdom, and eloquence of discourse, will excel all the doctors of Britain.'

"In the meantime there was a certain man in the district, accounted a tyrant, who from the prophecy of the magicians had heard that a child was about to be born in his borders, whose power should seize the whole country; and being solely intent on earthly things, and placing his chief good in them, he was tormented with malice and envy. Therefore the place was marked from the oracles of the magicians, wherein the child should afterwards be born. 'I alone,' said he, 'will sit in that place for so many days, and whosoever I shall find resting there any space of time shall fall being killed with my sword.' The appointed nine months having arrived, whereby the time for child-birth was at hand, the mother on a certain day went out on the way to where was the place for child-bearing, which the tyrant, from the foretelling of the magicians, had kept. The time for bringing forth being pressing, the mother sought the predicted place; but on that very day there was so great a tempest in the sky that no one could go out of doors; there were great flashes of lightning and dreadful peals of thunder; and great storms of hail and rain caused a flood. But the place where the mother brought forth had as much light as if the sun was present, and God had taken away the dews from the cloud. The mother when bringing forth had a certain stone near her, against which when in pain she pressed her hands; whereby the mark as an impression on wax was to be seen by those who looked thereon, which, dividing in the middle, condoled with the sorrowing mother; one part thereof leaped above the head of the nun as far as her feet when she was bringing forth; in which place is a church built, in the foundation of whose altar this stone lies covered."

It appears to us that even the empty rhetoric and affected learning of Jocelin are more endurable than this weak and mawkish narrative; and, moreover, the legend of Kentigern's birth, with its really fine voyage from the May to Culross, is more picturesque than that of St. David's. But in the earliest adventures of the great St. Diwi and those of his mother Non, we have only one phase, so to speak, of St. Thenew's gests; the other phase awaits us in the "*Liber Landavensis*," and the life of St. Dubricius. "There was a certain king,"—so we read there,*—"of the region of Ergyng (Archenfield), of the name of Pebiau, called in the British language Claforawg, and in Latin

* Lib. Land.—Welsh MS. Society, p. 323.

Spumosus, who undertook an expedition against his enemies, and returning from thence he ordered his daughter Eurddil to wash his head, which, when she endeavoured to do, he perceived from her enlarged form that she was pregnant. The king therefore, being angry, ordered her to be put into a sack and cast headlong into the river, that she might suffer whatever might befall, which, however, happened contrary to what was expected; for as often as she was placed in the river, so often was she, through the guidance of God, impelled to the bank. Her father then being indignant because he could not drown her in the river, resolved to destroy her with fire. A funeral pile was therefore prepared, into which his daughter was thrown alive. In the following morning, the messenger who had been sent by her father to ascertain whether any of the bones of his daughter remained, found her holding her son in her lap, at a spot where a stone is placed in testimony of the wonderful nativity of the boy; and the place is called Madle (now Madley, a parish in Herefordshire), because therein was born the holy man. The father, hearing this, ordered his daughter with her son to be brought to him; and when they came, he embraced the infant with paternal affection as is usual; and kissing him, he from the restlessness of infancy touched with his hands the face and mouth of his grandfather, and that not without divine appointment; for by the contact of the hands of the infant, he was healed of the incurable disease wherewith he was afflicted, for he incessantly emitted foam from his mouth, which two persons who constantly attended him could scarcely wipe off with handkerchiefs."

It would be wholly aside from our purpose to go further into detail with the achievements of the celebrated St. Dubricius. But the following extract, incidentally referring to him, and thus supplying us with a connecting link in our somewhat loose and wayward course, may tend to illustrate one of the exploits ascribed by the hagiographers to Kentigern;—we refer to the surprising number of monks whom he is said to have presided over in Wales, and to the orderly distribution of their services. "The last college," says the Rev. Rice Rees,* "the foundation of which may be attributed to Dubricius, was at Caerleon; and according to some copies of Geoffrey of Monmouth, it contained two hundred philosophers, who studied astronomy and other sciences. The British monastic institutions require further notice. Little is known regarding their

* *Essay on the Welsh Saints*, p. 181

internal regulations, but it would appear that choral service formed an important part of their arrangements. The Welsh terms which have been generally rendered 'college' or 'congregation,' and by Latin writers invariably 'monasterium,' are *cor*, choir, and *Ban-gor*, high choir. According to the Triads, the three societies of the first class, of which Bangor Iltyd was one, contained no less than two thousand four hundred members; one hundred being employed every hour, in order that the praise and service of God might be continued day and night without intermission. The number however in other establishments varied exceedingly; and the magnificent scale of those alluded to would be thought incredible, if it were not for the authentic testimony of Bede, who flourished about a century after the destruction of the monastery of Bangor Iscoed. That author, whose accuracy" (? honesty) "is universally admitted, says that the number of its monks was two thousand one hundred, who were divided into classes of three hundred each, under their respective superintendents; and that his readers might not be ignorant as to the manner in which so vast a society was supported, he adds that they all lived by the labour of their own hands. Compared with this, the assertion that Dubricius had upwards of a thousand pupils at Henllan,"—or that Kentigern had nine hundred and sixty-five brothers congregated at Llanelwy,—“will not appear strange; and it is said that Cattwg, who retained a part of his father's territories for the purpose, was wont to maintain one hundred ecclesiastics, as many paupers, and the same number of widows, besides strangers and guests, at his own expense. The traces of extensive ranges of buildings still observable at Bangor Iscoed and Lantwit Major confirm the asseverations of ancient writers; and an old manuscript, extant in the reign of Elizabeth, affirmed that the saints at the latter place had for their habitations seven halls and four hundred houses. The primitive British institutions followed no uniform rule, and may, in some degree, have resembled the monasteries of Gaul before the adoption of the rule of St. Benedict; but in borrowing analogies from the Continent to supply the lack of positive information, allowance must be made for the secluded situation of the Britons, and their more partial advance in civilization. The monasteries of Wales appear to have borne a closer resemblance to those of Ireland, for which reason the writings of Irish historians may be consulted with advantage by the Welsh antiquary.”

Although this interesting extract bears no direct reference to Kentigern, we cannot peruse it thoughtfully without concluding that there may be more truth in the preceding account of our saint's achievements, than we had been at first disposed to concede. Returning to illustrations of the purely legendary, we shall omit some half-a-dozen examples of draught-work done by stags, to make room for an anecdote which may interest the country parson who wrote his sermon, or part of it, on the face of his horse. In the life of St. Aidus we read thus :—" On another day the holy boy, Aidus, read in the fields with a loud voice, and in that hour a certain hunter quickly pursued with dogs a stag in those fields. Then the stag being weary in its journey, and hearing the voice of the boy, turned to him, and asking assistance from him, fell on its knees to the ground before him, and St. Aidus put his book on its horns and read, and the dogs running about could not see the stag, which accordingly escaped uninjured." We have a suspicion that the gentleness of A.I.D.U.S., mythical though it may seem, was quite as beneficent as that of A.K.H.B.

But, wonderful as his gifts were, Kentigern was surpassed, in the point of miraculous authority, not over stags alone, but in other departments of untamed nature as well. We have already seen that he was at least matched by St. Fillan, among the wolves. But let us listen to the biographer of St. Brynach. "The Lord," says he,† "enabled him (Brynach) to act so miraculously in the sight of the people that at his command, wild beasts set aside their brutal habits, and were rendered tame. Therefore whenever he removed from one place of residence to another, he called from the flock any two stags he wished to have, to draw the carriage in which his furniture was placed to be taken off; and when loosed from their yoke, they returned to their accustomed pasture. Also a cow, which he had selected from the rest, as well for the size of her body, for she was larger than the others, as for the large quantity of her milk, was committed by him to the custody of a wolf, which after the manner of a well-trained shepherd, drove the cow every morning to its pasture, and in the evening brought it safe home. It happened however at that time that Maelgon, king of Wales, travelled not far from the habitation of the holy man, and sent to him ordering that a supper should be provided for him. But the holy man being desirous that he and his associates, and also his local property,

* *Lives of Camb. Brit. Saints*, Welsh MS. Society, 355-6.

† *Lives*, *ut sup.* 295.

should be free from all tribute, asserted that he did not owe a supper to the king, nor would he in any way obey his august command. The persons who were sent returned to their master, and told him that the man to whom they had been despatched, would not provide a supper for him. The king, as he was easily moved from tranquility of mind, was also a drunkard, and known to be more ready to injure than to relieve; and paying no regard to piety, sanctity, or modesty, sent his messengers to fetch away the cow of the holy man, and thereby provide food for him. Doubtless he would not have spared the others, but they were in distant pastures, and he fiercely said that on the morrow he would deprive the holy man of his territory, and would totally destroy the place to the ground. The servants of iniquity ran and quickly brought the cow; they prepare their prey for future meals, take off the hide from the ribs, make bare the entrails, part they cut into pieces and place them in a kettle on the fire, they apply fuel, and on all sides with inflated cheeks hasten to blow it. The wolf which kept the cow in the meantime ran to its master, and sorrowful and groaning lay prostrate on the ground, as if asking pardon. Some one was present who mentioned that the cow had been taken away by the servants of the king, and had been cut into pieces in order to be cooked. But the holy man laying his complaint before God, committed his whole case to be avenged by divine judgment. The king and his attendants were distressed with hunger, but as yet there was not any hope for refreshment; for the water in which the flesh had been placed to be cooked, remained cold the same as it was when it was put in, nor with a very large fire was it more moved to boiling than if the fire had been taken away and a large quantity of ice placed in its room. The king and his attendants perceived the power of God, and that the holy man was dear to Him, for they had heard what he had done and were seized with great fear. The king, being humbled, immediately laid aside his royal haughtiness, and all equally proceeding came with contrite hearts to the holy man; and having fallen at his feet to the ground the king, being an advocate for himself and attendants, confessed that he had sinned against him, and promising that they would not again do such things, requested with humble prayers and sincere devotion, that he would have pity and pray to the Almighty in behalf of him and his attendants. And St. Brynach, free from all bitterness, prayed to the Lord; and laying hold of the

right hand of the king, raised him up, and had confidence of his having the hoped for piety towards the Most High. And in the sight of them all he restored the cow to her former state, and committed her to the custody of the wolf."

So much for St. Brynach's wolf; but we may as well quote the sequel. "After these things," we are told, "in order that he might preserve the king safe from what might follow, he" (St. Brynach) "asked him to pass the night with him; and what he had a short time before firmly refused, he now gratuitously offered with liberal charity and a beneficent mind.

The king gave thanks and remained: but what was to be done? for he had little or no provisions to place before them as they sat down, but to hope in God as he had done, who sent food to the hungry children of Israel in abundance, and rained manna upon them for their sustenance. He went therefore to an oak which was near, and plucked off, hanging by the leaves, as many wheaten loaves as were wanted; wherefore it was called the Bread Oak whilst it remained. He also went to the brook Caman, for it was near, where for water he drew wine plentifully, and from the same brook for the stones he extracted a sufficiency of fishes. He came to the king and his attendants, and caused them to sit down, and placed plenty of food before them; they partook and were sufficiently filled; nor were they disappointed with respect to what they wished. After supper, the hour calling for it, they lay down, went to sleep, and all of them slept soundly until the morning."

Another vulpine legend, of a very strange kind too, presents itself in the life of St. Tathan; but we must content ourselves with a mere reference,* and have done with the wolves. We must not fail however to point out that, among the salmon also, Kentigern had rivals, if not even superiors. No doubt there have been some who affirmed, as accurate Bollandists take care to tell us, that the fish which found the queen's lost ring in the Clyde, was only an ysicius, or pike; but this we take to be a calumny both on the memory of the saint, and on the good name of the river. Still, in those days, there were "salmons" in Wales as well as in North Britain. St. Cadoc seems to have shared what is said to be the national infirmity, —he was obviously somewhat choleric. "It happened," says his biographer,† "that the blessed Cadoc on a certain day sailed with two of his disciples, namely, Barruc and Gwalches,

* Lives, *ut sup.* pp. 589-90.

† Lives, *ut sup.* 337-38.

from the island of Echni, which is now called Holme, to another island named Barry. When, therefore, he prosperously landed in the harbour, he asked his disciples for his Enchiridion, that is, Manual Book; and they confessed that they had, through forgetfulness, lost it in the aforesaid island. Which he hearing, he immediately compelled them to go aboard a ship and sail back to recover the book; and, burning with anger, said—"Go, not to return." Then his disciples, by the command of their master, without delay quickly went aboard a boat, and by sailing got to the said island. Having obtained the foresaid volume, they soon in their passage returned to the middle of the sea, and were seen at a distance by the man of God sitting on the top of a hill in Barry, when the boat unexpectedly overturned and they were drowned. The body of Barruc being cast by the tide on the shore of Barry was there found and in that island buried, which from his name is so called to the present time. But the body of the other, namely Gwalches, was carried by the sea to the island of Echni, and was there buried. About the ninth hour, Cadoc the servant of God being desirous to refresh his body wasted by fastings, commanded his attendants to procure some fishes for dinner, who went to the sea for the purpose of fishing and found a very large salmon on the sand, and rejoicing brought it to their master; in the bowels of which, when it was cut open, they found the aforesaid book free from all injury by water, and white, which the man of the Lord, giving thanks to God, gladly received, and declared that it was manifest to all that nothing was impossible to God."

Even in the miraculous transportation of corn, St. Kentigern did not enjoy the honours of a monopoly, as witness the last of those Welsh legends which we shall for the present transfer to our pages. "The most blessed Illyd," says that renowned saint's biographer,* "being desirous to visit the church of St. Michael in Monte Tumba, had in his possession three barns full of corn before his departure, and ordered his superintendents that all the corn should be thrashed, and being thrashed without his knowing it, should be reserved and kept until his return from Brittany. The order of the master was complied with, and his desire for visiting was completed; after visiting he set out on his return, and in his returning he saw men almost dead with hunger, and who unless they were assisted would soon die. Being afflicted on seeing such want, he

* *Lives, ut sup.* 489-90.

grieved and prayed to the heavenly assistant that they might be succoured. His prayers were heard in the heavenly hall and the aforesaid corn was divinely carried as in his prayers he wished it to be carried, and was afterwards found on the shore in the harbour of Brittany. He fed all Brittany and also supplied the agriculturists with seed corn; they magnified him, they gave thanks to their succourer by whose prayers they were protected from dreadful famine. Then he returned by sailing over the Gallic sea, all persons standing on the shore and unanimously wishing him a prosperous voyage."

Turning now from those merely curious legends, we shall close our notice of Kentigern's sojourn in Wales with a few fragments of information which, although both scanty and dim, may fairly lay claim to our special attention. We certainly could have wished that the Rev. Rice Rees had told us something more than the bare fact that the church of St. Asaph is dedicated to St. Cyndeyrn, or Kentigern, and Asaph.* We would fain have heard when and in what circumstances, the erection referred to was placed under the invocation of patrons, regarding whom legend is plentiful and historical testimony so scarce. Mr. Rees, however, although he tells nothing more on this special point, furnishes us with the following valuable paragraph.† "Cyndeyrn or St. Kentigern, according to Bonedd y Saint, was the son of Owain ab Urien Rheged and Dwynwen the daughter of Llewddyn Lueddog of Dinas Eiddyn, in the north." Now we do not find that the Rev. essayist has attempted to determine the age of the authority which he quotes, further than by speaking of it as very ancient. Unable to reach any decided conclusion, we are yet disposed, by the tenor of his remarks,‡ to think it probable that the tradition through Bonedd y Saint is the earliest now known to be traceable. And through what, to any other than Welsh eyes, may no doubt seem an inexplicably strange orthography, we need have no difficulty in detecting Ewen or Eugenius, and Thenew in Owain and Dwynwen, and King Loth of the Lothians in Llewddyn Lueddog of Dinas Eiddyn or Edinburgh. "According to John of Teignmouth," continues our author, "he (Kentigern) was born in North Britain, where he was placed under the instruction of Servanus, an Irish saint; and it is said that he earned the esteem of his instructor to such a degree that he was styled by him Mwyingu or 'amiable,' which later writers have rendered into St. Mungo, a name by

* Essay on Welsh Saints, p. 335.

† Essay, pp. 261-2.

‡ Essay, pp. 73, &c.

which he is frequently known. When he grew up he founded the bishoprick of Glasgow, or as the Welsh writers term the place, Penryn Rhionydd; but after a time the dissensions of his countrymen forced him to retire to Wales, where he was kindly received by St. David. While he remained in Wales he founded another bishoprick, at Llanelwy in Flintshire, about A.D. 550.; and though in its establishment he experienced some opposition from Maelgwn Gwynedd, that chieftain was eventually reconciled, and became one of his patrons. After a few years he was recalled to his native country by 'Rederech,' or Rhydderch Hael, chief of the Strathclyde Britons; and resigning the see of Llanelwy to Asaf, one of his disciples, he resumed the bishoprick of Glasgow, at which place he died at an advanced age." We need not follow the essayist into the discussion affecting the episcopal consecration of Kentigern, or into the controversial views of father Cressy on that subject. Those who deem it worth while, may investigate the canonical question and determine it as they please. The validity, or the regularity, or the plenary authentication by Pope Gregory the Great, of St. Mungo's ordination, never of more than the slightest importance from our point of view, can awaken no interest at all until that saint's historical position has been ascertained. As regards the vital enquiry, the Welsh traditions are of material value. In addition to what has just been quoted, we read on a subsequent page of the same work* as follows:—"Asaf was the son of Sawyl Benuchel and Gwenaseth, daughter of Rhufon Rhufoniog. He was the disciple of Cyndeyrn, whom he succeeded about A.D. 560. in the bishoprick of Llanelwy, which from this circumstance has ever since been known in England by the name of St. Asaph, though in Welsh it retains its original appellation." The only other scrap of traditionary information, relating more or less to the subject of our enquiries, which we have detected in the interesting Essay of Mr. Rees, is a curious one. "Melangell," says that writer,† "the daughter of Tudwal Tudglyd of the line of Macsen Wledig, was the foundress of Pennant Melangell, Montgomeryshire. She was a sister of Rhydderch Hael of Strath Clyde; and her mother was Ethni, surnamed Wyddeles, or the Irish woman. Festival, May 27. Dingad the son of Nudd Hael of the line of Macsen Wledig, is called a saint, but no churches are ascribed to him. His wife was Tonwy or Trefrian, a daughter of Llewddyn Luyd-

* Page 265.

† Page 269.

dog of Dinas Eiddyn." Here then we have a twofold link of connection between the Britons of Strathclyde and their kindred tribes in the south; and in this complex relation moreover, St. Mungo is doubly involved. Melangell, a sister of Roderic, the princely friend and protector of Kentigern,—or as Jocelin would have it, the pious regent under the royal saint,—was herself a saint, and the foundress of a church in Wales; and her kinsman, Dingad, also called a saint by the Welsh, had for his wife, Tonwy or Trefrian, a daughter of Loth of Lothian, the sister therefore of St. Thenew and the aunt of St. Kentigern. Now it would be folly, as we think, to lay much stress on traditions so disjointed and hazy as these are, especially while we are in no condition to demonstrate their source, or to trace the channels through which they have come down to modern times. It is to be admitted besides, that the Welsh hagiographies are as badly adapted to conciliate historical belief, as writings of the same class which reach us from other quarters. We therefore claim for them no more than some corroborative weight, in support of the probability that St. Mungo really existed.

12. *St. Columba's visit to St. Kentigern.*—"In that time," says Jocelin,* "when the blessed Kentigern, placed in the candlestick of the Lord, like a lamp burning with heavenly affections; and shining with words of salvation, examples of the virtues, and miracles, gave light to all who were in the house of God; the holy abbot Columba, whom the Angli call Columkill, wonderful for learning and virtues, illustrious for his predictions of future events as a prophet full of the spirit, living in that glorious monastery which he had constructed in the island Y, wished to rejoice not for an hour but constantly in the light of St. Kentigern. Because hearing for a long while past the rumour of his holy reputation, he desired to come to him, to visit him, to see him, to become more intimately familiar with him; and to consult the oracle of a holy breast concerning those things which lay nearest his own heart. And when he had found a convenient time, the holy father St. Columba set forth; and a great crowd of disciples and others who wished to wait on the holy man and to see his face, accompanied him. And when it,—that is, the crowd,—had come near to the place called Mellindonar, where at the time the saint was staying, he divided all his followers into three bands, and sent forward a messenger to announce his arrival, and that of his attendants, to the holy prelate.

* Pinkerton, pp. 281-3.

"The holy bishop, delighted with those things which were told him concerning them, the clergy and others who accompanied him having been distributed in a like triumphal array, advanced to meet them. The youngest were placed in the fore-front of the procession, next came the more advanced in age, and third in order, along with himself, marched the veterans of good days and snowy locks, venerable in countenance, in bearing, in dress, and in hoariness itself. And they were all singing,—*In the ways of the Lord, how great is the Lord's glory!* And again they subjoined,—*The way of the righteous has been made straight, and the path of the holy has been prepared.* On the side of St. Columba they sang with melodious voice,—*The holy shall go from strength unto strength; the God of Gods shall appear in Syon with alleluia.* In the meantime some of those who had come along with St. Columba, interrogating him, said,—*Pray, does St. Kentigern come in the first choir of singers?* The saint replied,—*Neither in the first, nor in the second, but in the third the gracious bishop comes, (venit almus pontifex).* When they enquired how this could be apparent to him, he said,—*I see a fiery pillar, after the manner of a golden crown studded with starry gems, descending from heaven upon his head, and light of an ethereal brightness as if diffused by a kind of enfolding veil, shining around, covering him, then again returning to the skies.* Wherefore by a manifest token, it is evident that he has been chosen of God and sanctified as Aaron was,—he who appears to me clothed with light as with a garment, and upon his head in testimony of holiness, wearing a crown of golden lustre.' Therefore on meeting each other, these two divine men (*deifici viri*) rushed into mutual embraces and holy kisses, and having first satisfied themselves with the spiritual dainties of divine conference, afterwards refreshed themselves with bodily nourishment. But it is not mine to unfold how great was the sweetness of divine contemplation in their sacred breasts; neither has it been given to me, or to those like me, to explore the manna which is hidden and, as I think, utterly unknown except to such as taste it.

"But when those two men above referred to were mutually united like two pillars in the Lord's temple, firmly based on faith and love, and established in it; by the imitation and erudition of whom many peoples, tribes, and tongues have entered and are still entering the heavenly temple,—the joy, that is, of their Lord; the people who had come with St. Col-

umba, sons of the stranger, were old in evil custom, and departed far from the paths of the man of God. For in like manner as the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, so it is with difficulty that he who has been habituated to theft and rapine, changes his vile disposition. Certain accordingly came with the blessed Columba, adepts in columbine innocence by the gait of the feet, not by the spirit of devotion nor by advancement of morals. These, while they were prosecuting their journey, spied a flock of the holy bishop feeding at a distance; and leaving the direct road, and going round about through dark ways as, of such men, is said in the Proverbs, turned aside thither; then, in spite of the shepherd's opposition and remonstrance, they seized the fattest wether. But the keeper of the flock, in the name of the Holy Trinity and by the authority of St. Kentigern, forbade such rapine,—nay sacrilege, to be committed on the flock of the holy prelate, admonishing them that if they had chosen to ask a ram of the saint, they should without doubt have obtained it. But one of them repulsed the shepherd with personal injuries and also with threatenings of death, and carried off the ram; another having seized his weapon, cut off his head. They then consulted one another as to the mode of carrying the carcase away with them, and skinning it at a time and place befitting their wickedness; and their previous practices had effectually taught them how to prepare for the accomplishment of their wishes.

"But what was wonderful to be told appeared yet more marvellous to be seen! The wether, after its head had been cut off, rushed back to its own flock with inconceivable speed, and there fell down; but the head, turned into stone, as if it had been fastened by some indissoluble cement, adhered to the hands of him who held and carried it. But they who were able to overtake, to catch, to hold, and to behead the wether while it was alive and entire, were now, after its head had been cut off, pursue or overtake it as they might, unable to lay hold of it; and as for the head,—nay, now the stone!—though they strained every nerve, they could not detach it from the hands. The men therefore were horrified, and the heart of them who carried a stone became stone-dead; at length, under the impulse of salutary counsel, they approached the saint, and prostrated themselves before the feet of the holy Kentigern; penitent and bathed with tears, they besought him to forgive them. But the prelate, blaming them with

mild reproof, and admonishing them that they should no further presume to perpetrate fraud, theft, rapine, or sacrilege which is still more detestable, absolved them from the twofold *vinculum*,—the sin, that is, and the adhesion of the stone; ordered the body of the slaughtered ram to be given them, and permitted them to depart. The head however which had been changed into stone remains there even till this day, in testimony of the miracle, and though dumb yet proclaims the merit of St. Kentigern." After an elaborate and absurd comparison of this miracle with that which turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, Jocelin concludes this account of the interview between the two saints with the incident of the *baculi*, which has been already mentioned.

Now, it may be safely assumed that the spectacular and miraculous details of this strange narrative, will meet with no credit whatever among reasonable men. Once more the pompous exaggerations of Jocelin were too bold for the writer in Capgrave, who has modified them considerably; and the compiler of the Breviary brought them down to the moderate proportions which, with intervening response and versicle, appear in the end of Lection VIII. and the beginning of Lection IX. It is to be noted however that even the most modest form in which the story appears, retains the supernatural element in its entirety, bidding defiance to the faith of even the most credulous. Still, every Scotchman if he could, would gladly believe what, under this article, is presented as the main fact,—the meeting, namely, between the two early enlighteners of our country,—Kentigern and Columba. Writers, to whose judgment the profoundest deference is due, appear to have trusted the testimony of Jocelin, so far as that alleged fact is concerned, without hesitation or scruple. But is this author's uncorroborated statement worthy of this unquestioning reliance? Why, in the first place, drawn up somewhere about six centuries after the supposed occurrence, it cannot claim to be regarded as historical evidence; and the other writers who seem to support it, have all derived their information from its author. In this case even Camerarius, without pretending to rely on the Glasgow fragment, in common with Capgrave, or perhaps through his *vita*, slavishly copies the monk of Furness, beyond whose not very trustworthy assertion therefore, we have absolutely no independent testimony. And then, secondly, the biographers of St. Columba are wholly silent regarding this visit to Kentigern,—nay, even regarding

Kentigern himself. Supposing the alleged fact to be true, it is not easy to explain their suppression,—it could hardly be their ignorance,—of it. Their report too, would have been evidence; not yet the best certainly, because though the earliest writers of our country, any of whose works survive, neither of them was exactly a contemporary of the patriarch of Hy. But since Adamnan wrote within about a century of St. Columba's death, and Cumin towards five-and-twenty years before him, they were both in a position to know the truth regarding the alleged incident now in question, which Jocelin nearly five ages afterwards certainly was not. As a counterpoise to the suspicion which is inevitably aroused by their silence, we can adduce nothing beyond the fact, distinctly asserted by Adamnan, that Columba was a friend of king Roderick, the pious patron of Kentigern, and the story of the cambo said to have been preserved at Ripon. The consideration of these things may induce some hesitation, for they show that the interview might possibly have occurred; but they contain nothing whatever in the nature of proof, and we have only the unsupported word of Jocelin, under the serious disadvantage of Adamnan's and Cumin's silence, for the famous meeting on the banks of the Molindinar, between Kentigern and Columba.

The absurd story of the fat wether neither requires nor deserves special notice. How it came to pass that the compiler of the Breviary spoke of the whole carcase, while those earlier writers, from whom he borrowed freely, represented the head only, as converted into stone, we cannot tell; but it may be assumed that the hagiographers were by no means scrupulous about such trifles as minute accuracy. Apart altogether from the miracle, there are one or two points of some interest in the narrative. Obviously a social evil which tasked, and for a while defied, the legislature of our country, extending to within little more than an age of the present day, had already become inveterate in Jocelin's time, or about the middle of the twelfth century. Even then the Gael of our West Highlands were noted and notorious freebooters; and that their ancestors had imported their cattle-lifting propensities into Ergadia when they settled there, will be doubted by no one who has looked, however cursorily, into the earlier Irish annals. Although it be obvious, therefore, that Jocelin's representations were copied from his own living world, yet the alleged stealing of Kentigern's well-fed wether, may fairly be regarded as an inci-

dent in perfect keeping with the habits of the Dalriadic Scoti in the sixth century. That they should have taken rude liberties with any flocks or herds which they might chance to meet, would have been in no ways remarkable. But Columba's attendants are supposed to have been holy monks from Iona, devout men inured to long vigils and severe abstinence, purified by the discipline of the cloister from all the grosser appetites and affections, and far above the vulgar attractions of old mutton. Jocelin's narrative leaves us no reason to doubt that he intended to represent, as the thieves, members of those sanctimonious bands who advanced, with sacred canticles, to meet the great western prelate; and what then, we are constrained to ask, must have been his private opinion of those Christians from Ireland, who were overspreading the Highlands of North Britain? That he deemed them to be mere professors who had assumed the name, the garb, and the gait of Christ's disciples, without having inbibed the spirit of the Master whom they ostensibly served, is clear enough; for he expressly says so much. Was it so, then, in point of fact, that the monks of Iona were still, in spite of their loftier pretensions, deeply tainted with the hereditary vices of their more than semi-barbarous race?—or was the monk of Furness an adverse, because a prejudiced narrator?

Probably both of these alternative queries should be answered affirmatively,—the first of them with some reserve, the second without hesitation. Columba himself, as depicted by his admiring biographers, was scarcely a model of the Christian temper and virtues; and the infirmities of their kindred, and the defects of their education, no doubt retained an obstinate hold of his disciples. And on the other side, it is clear enough that the monk of Furness, without being avowedly hostile, was by no means very friendly to the Abbot of Iona. Manifestly he uses Columba throughout the legend, merely as a foil to enhance the lustre of Kentigern's renown. Moreover, Jocelin was a staunch adherent of the Romish rite and authority, as we shall soon hear; and of course he shared that antipathy to the Columban institutions, which was all but universal in his time. These were regarded, by orthodox Catholics, as wholly irregular and unwarranted, lying beyond the canonically authorized channels of grace, and doomed to speedy and utter subversion. That the Culdees, as the cœnobitic disciples of Columba came to be called, precipitated and in some degree justified their own suppression, may be

true; but at any rate, active measures for their extirpation had been in progress long before Jocelin's time; and the rooted enmity of the Romanizing party, which had become all-powerful, sufficiently accounts for his unfavourable opinion of them and their predecessors.

13. *Journeys to Rome.* Some responses, &c. immediately follow the ninth lection in the Office, and then comes the antiphon:—

A. Visitat alma pii vitæ septena loca Petri,
Presul, campana cui servit in ethere sacra.

Here, for the bungled imitation of these verses (?) given in the translation of the office, may be substituted the following, at any rate, less objectionable paraphrase:—

St. Peter's shrine to visit seven times
Went Mungo, guided by Ærial chimes.

Jocelin suspends his narrative of Kentigern's gests in Wales, for the purpose of telling us that "the saint went seven times to Rome, and consulted the blessed Gregory concerning his state." The chapter which he devotes to the subject is dreadfully prolix even for him, consisting mainly of a historical outline, whose relevancy is not very apparent. In consequence, he argues, of persecution followed by heresy, christianity in Britain had been obscured or even overthrown; especially at various times a diversity of rites had sprung up in it, contrary to the forms of the holy Roman Church and the decrees of the holy fathers. With a view to obviate and remedy these things, continues Jocelin,* in a passage which has, as usual, been abridged for Capgrave, "Kentigern, leaving his foresaid monastery," (apparently that of Llanelwy is meant), "went seven times to Rome; and after learning at Rome what points of correction Britain was in want of, returned home again. * * * On one occasion however, he went to Rome when the blessed Gregory occupied the apostolical chair, a man apostolical by office, authority, life, and doctrine; and the special apostle of England, for the natives of England are the signs of his apostleship. Like a solid vessel of gold adorned with every precious stone, he is truly surnamed *os aureum*—golden mouth, because in expounding many Scriptures, he elucidated them in a clear and very elegant style. * * * For he beautified and delighted the holy church diffused over the world, with mellifluous writings and canticles adapted for music, and he strengthened and adorned the house of God with canonical institutes. To

* Pinkerton, pp. 256-7.

this most holy Chief Pontiff he" (Kentigern) "laid open his whole life, his election to the episcopate, and his consecration; and disclosed in their order all the fortunes that had befallen him. But the holy Pope, actuated by the spirit of counsel and discretion, as one who was full of the Holy Ghost, perceiving him to be a man of God, and full of the grace of the Holy Spirit, confirmed his election and consecration, because he knew that each of them had come from God; and at his own frequent request, conceded with difficulty, supplying what was defective in his consecration, he destined him to the word of the ministry imposed on him by the Holy Spirit. The holy bishop Kentigern returned home not only with the apostolical absolution and benediction, but also carrying along with him as gifts, manuscripts of the canons, and numerous books of sacred Scripture, as also privileges, and many relics, (*pignora*), of saints, and ornaments for the church, and other things that belong to the decoration of God's house"

It will be observed that, among all the ecclesiastical ornaments and utensils, we hear nothing whatever of a bell; nor are we able to offer any clear explication of the singular phraseology used in the antiphon. It appears to us that what became the traditional legend of the bell was, in all probability, of still later date than the work of Jocelin, and the abridgement of it in Capgrave. But although we have no definite information as to the way in which the saint obtained it, or as to the advantages which he derived from it among the holy places in the Christian metropolis, it came to be universally believed that Kentigern had brought his bell with him from Rome. A manuscript in the Edinburgh University Library,* "written about 1520," contains what Professor C. Innes very justly calls a "barbarous little hymn," which, by the following verse, whatever it may mean, apparently verifies the statement:—

" Hora nempe tertia : peregre laborat,
Romam visit septies : papa quem honorat,
Ut serviret presuli : avi se decorat,
Et Campanam sustinet : que sonos dulcorat."

But at any rate, upwards of a century before the date just indicated, St. Mungo's bell had become a notable institution in Glasgow, the ears of whose citizens must have been very familiar with its doleful sound. Endowments, generally of small annual sums, but in considerable number, were be-

* Regist. Episc. Glasg. I. LX.

queathed to it on condition of its being tolled throughout the city on a specified day in each year; the object being to secure the prayers of the inhabitants for the souls of the donors and their friends. Thus in A.D. 1454., "John Steuart the first provest that was in Glasgow," left to the Prior and Convent of the "Freris Prechouris," (Dominicans or Black Friars), certain properties, for this among other purposes,— "alsua on the day of the decesse of the said Johne Steuart yherly tyll gar Sant Mwngouse bell to rwngin throw the town for the said John's sawle."* In a "Memorandum" of A.D. 1509. "Scher Archibald Calderwod vicar of Cadder," expresses his aim still more distinctly,— "Item I leif to Sanct Mongowis bell to passe throwe the towune * * * to gar pray for mye faderis saule mye moderis saule my awin saule and all Chrissytyne saulis aucht peneis of annual," &c.† The earliest of these endowments that we have noticed is dated A.D. 1415;‡ but besides the three now specified, ten more may be found in the two works referred to. The ultimate fate of St. Mungo's bell is, by us at least, unknown. The city treasurer's accounts for A.D. 1578., exhibit an entry of two shillings "for ane tong to Sanct Mungowis bell;" and Camerarius, whose word is not worth much, writing about A.D. 1630., says that it still existed; and this, we suppose is the last that has been heard of it.

14. *St. Mungo and the weather.* A psalm having been interposed, another unexplained antiphon directly follows that which we have just been considering.

A. Pallia pontificis nunquam nivibus rigat aut nix,
Nec vis ulla viro tempestatis nocet almo.

Now Jocelin tells us || that all who knew "the man," meaning Kentigern, as likewise all who were conversant with him, testified that never in his life were his garments wetted by the rain, the snow, or the hail which fell on the earth. He was often exposed, that author assures us, during very inclement weather; but the drenching shower parted asunder, making a dry avenue for him, and the spirit of the blast refrained from raging around the spot where he was standing or walking. Nor was this immunity an exclusively personal privilege of the saint. The crowd of his disciples very often, when travelling with him, through his merits, experienced the same thing. "For the sanctity of the holy Doctor Kentigern, who was suffused with divine grace, was to his followers for a shadow

* Lib. Coll. Noet. Dom. p. 177.

† Regist. Episc. Glas. II. 314.

‡ Ibid, p. 209.

|| Pinkerton, p. 271.

and a refuge by day, as also for a hiding-place from the tempest and the rain." We believe that a similar protection against the severity of the weather, was asserted for, or claimed by, one or more members of the persecuted remnant in Ayrshire, during the troubles which preceded the revolution.

15. *St. Mungo makes cheese.* Passing over various antiphons, psalms, capitula, &c., which seem to need no elucidator, we come to the following response and versicle near the end of the office:—

B. Vertitur in lapides mox compressi copia lactis,
 Forma tum prisca manet, atque figura,
 V. Fons tenet eternum liquidus per secula nomen.

We must again have recourse to the monk of Furness for a solution of the mystery. He informs us* that a certain skilled artificer was employed by the man of God about the monastery, and suitably remunerated for his work, "But the saint was accustomed to use milk for both meat and drink, because he abstained from every kind of liquor by which a man could be intoxicated. From his own stock of new milk accordingly, he ordered two pitchersful to be conveyed to his artificer. But when the bearer was crossing over the river Clyde, the lids of the pitchers accidentally fell off, and the whole of the milk was spilt in the water. But,—a marvellous and most unusual thing!—the spilt milk was in no degree mingled with the water, or changed in respect of taste and colour; with incomprehensible rapidity it was turned into cheese, nor was the cheese less effectually consolidated by the beating of the waves, than any other of the kind is wont to be by the compression of the hands. But the bearer snatched the well-shaped cheese from the water, and handed it to the artificer for whom the saint had sent it, recounting all that had happened. Many beheld this remarkable miracle, and were stupified with astonishment. But the artificer himself and many others tasted that cheese; and minute fragments of the same were distributed among many, for preservation as relics.

16. *A small basket of fragments.* The Breviary gives us only specimens, and several of them no more than allusively, of Kentigern's miracles which, according to Jocelin, were "without number, numberless." Having gone fairly through the signs and wonders of that elaborate compilation, we may devote a few sentences to prodigies which have not obtained

* Pinkerton, p. 230.

the honour of being chronicled or sung on its pages. "Kentigern," says the monk of Furness, "gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, walking to the lame, speech to the dumb, reason to the mad. He expelled fevers, he cast out demons from the bodies of the possessed, he raised up paralytics, he cured lunatics, he cleansed lepers, he healed every kind of disease. * * * It often happened too that numbers of people recovered health from touching the borders of his garments, and from receiving small portions of his food or drink; moreover persons were cured who had been brought near on a couch, so that his shadow, like that of another Peter, might fall on them as he was passing." It will be observed that this comprehensive catalogue is confined to cases of supernatural healing; and it may be confidently assumed that Jocelin derived the materials for its construction from the most accessible of all sources,—his own licentious imagination. That, with the instance of St. Serf's cook before him, he omitted the raising of the dead, is therefore a slip which may be easily explained,—for the inventing of enormous falsehood infallibly blinds the mind to specific truth, whether it be real or merely alleged. But we have already had a considerable number of prodigies which cannot be brought within this category, and a few more remain to be briefly noticed.

The story of the two brothers, Telleyr and Anguen,* is not worth recounting at length. The latter being a faithful friend and disciple of Kentigern, was blessed by the saint in the name of the Lord, and thereafter throughout a long life, enjoyed the most signal prosperity. The former repulsed all the bishop's counsels and kindness, with insolent contempt; and he, poor Telleyr, met an early and a miserable fate. Bragging that his bodily strength surpassed that of donkeys, he rashly made the experiment with a huge piece of wood on his shoulders; but he had not gone far when, accidentally kicking his foot against a stone, he fell down and was crushed to death by his burden. Neither need we linger over the singular power of discerning spirits ascribed to our saint; a mere abstract of two examples will serve our purpose. When, "once upon a time," he was holding an ordination, among those who were presented to him for that rite, was a certain clerk, of elegant appearance, great eloquence, and advanced scholarship, a native indeed of Britain, but educated in Gaul, seeking advancement to the priesthood. As soon as the saint had seen

* Pinkerton, p. 220.

him he ordered the archdeacon to have him removed and separated from the clergy. For to the saint's eyes, there appeared as it were a sulphureous flame proceeding from the bosom of that clerk, and an intolerable stench seemed to issue from his nostrils. These certainly were very alarming prognostics; and after due enquiry it was ascertained that, in spite of his handsome face and varied accomplishments, the poor man was addicted to the vilest sensual vices. Of course he was rejected and went his way; but it was reported that he afterwards perished by a sudden death. Again, on one occasion when the holy man returned home after having finished divine service, among others there met him a certain foreign clerk of remarkable eloquence. Him the man of God scrutinized with a keen eye, enquiring who and whence he was, and why he had come into these parts. The stranger replied that he was a preacher of the truth who taught the way of God truly, and affirmed that he had come thither for the salvation of souls. But in conversation with him the saint "convicted him of being intoxicated with the poison of the Pelagian pestilence. He strove to reclaim him, but found his heart to be like a rock. Then the saint ordered him to be expelled from the diocese. The son of *gehenna* therefore withdrew; and having been drowned while attempting to cross a certain river, went down into Tartarus."

But we turn to prodigies of a more cheerful, or at least a less lurid and desperate, character. Regarding the first of these which we shall mention, unfortunately our information is both scanty and obscure. The anonymous writer in Capgrave tells us* that Kentigern built a mill on the river Gladus (? Clyde), which had a mind of its own. It refused to grind stolen corn; and no one "could make the mill go, or its wheel turn, after the ninth hour on the Sabbath, until the Lord's day had been celebrated,"—that is, it refused to move during the hours of public worship. And Jocelin informs us† that it was the usual practice of the saint to erect *triumphale vexillum sanctae crucis*, the triumphal standard of the holy cross, in all places where his evangelistic labours had been crowned with success, or where he had continued to reside for a time. Among many such symbolical structures, set up in various places, there were two, that author assures us, which even in his day were distinguished for their miraculous efficacy. One of these he had caused to be sculptured, in his own city of Glasgow; from

* Act. Sanct. Jan. II. 103.

† Pinkerton, p. 285, &c.

a stone of enormous size; and this he ordered to be erected in the church of the Holy Trinity where the cathedral is placed. But all the efforts of many men, aided too by suitable machinery, proved wholly ineffectual; the ponderous mass could not be raised from its prostrate position. When human ingenuity and help were unavailing however, the saint had recourse to divine assistance. And in the ensuing night, the last of the week, while the servant of Jesus Christ was pouring out prayers to the Lord on the subject, "an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and drawing near turned over the stone cross, and set it up on the spot where it stands to-day; and having with benedictions sealed and sanctified it with the sign of the cross, he retired. But the people assembling at the church in the morning, and learning what had been done, were confounded, and glorified the Lord in his saint." From that time this cross has been endowed with great virtue. Many of those who are vexed by unclean spirits are wont to be bound to it on Sunday-night, and are found next morning sound in mind; though sometimes, on the other hand, they are either dead or dying.

Kentigern constructed another miraculous cross at Lothwerd,—now Borthwick,—where he spent eight years of his life; and this, according to Jocelin, was accomplished in a way which would have been incredible, unless the monument itself had remained to be examined by sight and touch. Meditating correctly and devoutly on the resurrection, Kentigern built up the cross at Lothwerd of sea-sand exclusively; and who, after that, dare doubt that the Lord may raise up our mortal bodies though they may be reduced to dust? To this cross also, many who are afflicted with divers diseases, and chiefly those who are mad and those who are tormented by a demon, are tied in the evening; and in the morning they frequently are found to have been completely cured. It was probably to this cross of Borthwick, that Sir David Lindsay referred when he said: *—

" They bring mad men on fute and hors,
And byndis thame to Sanct Mungois croa."

In A.D. 1449., William, Lord Crichton, the chancellor of James II., erected and dedicated to St. Kentigern, a collegiate church, close by his castle of Crichton, in the parish of Borthwick, which was formerly called Louchwhoruir or Locherwert.

17. *Some personal matters concerning our saint.*—Accord-

* Works, Chalmers' Edition, III. 6.

ing to Jocelin, Kentigern was reported to be of medium height, inclining to tall, and indefatigable in the endurance of toil whether bodily or mental. "He was also beautiful in features and graceful in form; having a countenance full of gentleness and reverence; with the eyes of a dove and the cheeks of the turtle-dove, he engaged the affections of all who beheld him." "His speech, seasoned with salt, was adapted to every age and to either sex. For honey and milk were underneath his tongue; and his repository was full of spiritual wine, so that, for their salvation, the babe in Christ drew milk, the more advanced drew honey, and the perfect drew wine, from his mouth." But stilted information like this may fairly be deemed more curious than instructive; we shall therefore gather the remainder of this article from the abridgement of Jocelin by the writer of St. Mungo's life in Capgrave. "In the twenty-fifth year of his age," it is there said,* "he was consecrated a bishop; and for the whole of his life afterwards he took food only once in three days, and often once in four days,—bread, viz., and milk, or cheese or butter. From meat, and wine, and everything that could intoxicate, he wholly abstained." He wore, next to his skin, the coarsest haircloth, then a garment made of goatskin, and a strait monk's hood, over which, covered with a white alb, he constantly bore the stole; and he carried a pastoral staff, not rounded and gilded and jewelled, but of simple wood, only curved; and having in his hand a manual always ready for his ministry, when necessity or reasonable occasion required. "And he lay in a stone hollowed out like a coffin, having a stone for his head, and with ashes strewn and haircloth spread underneath him." After snatching rather than enjoying some repose, he shook himself from sleep; and then, plunging himself naked in cold water, he chaunted the whole Psalter. Neither hail, nor snow, nor rain, was at any time permitted to interrupt this practice; he refrained from it only when compelled to do so by journeys or bodily sickness; and even in such cases he compensated by means of spiritual exercises for the omitted discipline. "All stimulus of the flesh was laid asleep in his body; wherefore once upon a time he expressly affirmed to his disciples, that he was no more moved by the sight or the touch of the most beautiful girl, than by that of the hardest stone." This bold statement must have alarmed the good Bollandists, who warn their readers against the imitation of Kentigern's self-reliance,

* Act. Sanct. Jan. II. p. 79.

by appending a naïve and prudent note in these words:—
*Canté hæc legenda ; ne temere quis ejusmodi apathiam
 affectans in laqueos incidat diaboli.*

But to resume the catalogue of St. Kentigern's distinctive qualities. "In judging or reproving, he attended not to the person but to the cause. Often when he was performing sacred offices, a snow-white dove having as it were a golden beak, was accustomed to sit on his head. Frequently also when he was present at the sacred mysteries, a bright cloud overshadowed his head. On several occasions it was not he himself that seemed to stand, but a fiery pillar by whose effulgence the sight of the spectators was dazzled. While, once on a time, he was celebrating the sacred mysteries, a certain odoriferous cloud filled the whole church, suffused all who were present with an ineffable sweetness, and restored to perfect health persons afflicted with various diseases. During every Lent, having withdrawn from the sight of men, he retired to desert places, taking no other food than the roots of herbs ; but on some of these occasions, the Lord giving him virtue, he passed the whole of the time (that is, forty days) without the help of food. At the supper of the Lord, moreover, washing with his tears a multitude of poor men and lepers, then wiping them and soothing them with frequent kisses, he afterwards ministered diligently to the men at table. On Good Friday he spent day and night in scourging himself with rods, and in nakedness, with frequent genuflexions. But on holy Sabbath, (Easter Sunday), and up to the hour of our Lord's resurrection, the time of divine service excepted, he crouched in a certain tomb, engaged in self-flagellation. The unconverted in his diocese he converted to the faith. By his sound doctrine he reclaimed apostates and heretics to the bosom of holy mother church. Images of demons he everywhere overthrew ; he built many churches ; he marked out parishes by certain boundaries ; and everywhere, while seeking the gain of souls, he preferred to travel, not on horseback, but on foot like the apostles."

"At length* the man of God, worn out with extreme old age, when the nervous system, almost exhausted, had become relaxed, sustained his chin and jaw by a certain linen bandage tied over the middle of his head and down under his chin, in order that he might be the more easily able to signify what he wished. Bye and bye, having assembled his disciples, he ad-

* Act Sanct. Jan. II. p. 103

monished them concerning the practice of holy religion, of mutual charity, of peace, of hospitality, of reading; and concerning earnestness in prayer. He delivered and left behind, him energetic precepts concerning the steadfast observance of the decrees of the holy fathers, and of the ordinances of the holy Roman church. When certain of them moreover, who loved him more than the rest, prostrating themselves, said to him with tears,—‘We know, O father and lord, that you desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ; but have mercy, we beseech you, on us whom you have begotten in Christ. Whatever we have, through human frailty, done amiss, always confessing it before you, we have striven to amend at your discretion. Beg therefore of the Lord that the privilege may be granted us of being able to accompany you from this valley of tears to the joy of your Lord. For we believe that whatsoever you shall ask from God, the Lord will give you. And it seems to us unbecoming that a bishop without a clergy, a pastor without any of his flock, a father without sons, should enter into the joys of his Lord.’ Then the saint, moved with piety, having taken breath as well as he was able, said,—‘The Lord’s will be done with us all, and may He dispose of every one of us as He knows to be for the best, and as shall please Him.’ And behold! an angel of the Lord, appearing in ineffable splendour and clearness, bathed him in light round about, and said,—‘O Kentigern, elect and beloved of God, exult and be very joyful; for thy prayer is granted, and the divine ear has heard the preparation of thy heart. Therefore, be it with thy disciples according to thy desire. And forasmuch as thy whole life in this world has been a continual martyrdom, it has pleased the Lord that thou shouldst have a gentler end than other men. Cause a warm bath to be prepared for thyself against to-morrow, and on entering it thou shalt, without much suffering, peacefully render thy spirit into the hands of God. Thy brothers also, entering the bath after thee, and being absolved from the chains of death, will along with thee, in the brightness of saints, penetrate the heavenly kingdom.”

“When the angel withdrew, a fragrance of marvellous sweetness spread itself in a mysterious way over the place and all who were in it. The man of God accordingly having entered the bath when it was prepared, with eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, his head bent to one side as if dissolved in placid slumber, gave up the ghost. And the holy body having by his disciples been lifted out of the bath, one after another of

the brothers, immersed in the bath before the water was cold, passed away to the ethereal mansions along with the holy father. St. Kentigern accordingly, when he was one hundred and eighty five years old, in the hundred and sixtieth year of his episcopate, illustrious for signs and prodigies, on the Ides of January, went away to the Lord. And at his sepulchre in the church of Glasgow, sight was restored to the blind," &c. The catalogue of posthumous miracles is nearly a *verbatim* repetition of that which, as given above, professes to enumerate the supernatural achievements of St. Mungo during his lifetime. The only novelties that we hear of, as occurring after the saint's death and burial, are thus related. "A certain man on a certain night stole a cow from Glasgow, and by the divine decree was found dead, with the live cow tied to his feet. Many also, after the perpetration of carnal wickedness, not scrupling to profane a holy place with their polluted steps, sometimes snatched away by sudden death, were often mutilated in their limbs, or punished with incurable diseases."

18. *The summary.* Our last words regarding the actual Kentigern, assuming such a person to have really existed, must necessarily be both few and unsatisfactory. But let us hear the Bollandists before we venture to speak. "Concerning his era," say they,* "this only can we determine, that he lived in the sixth century from the birth of Christ, about the year 560; for then flourished Columba, whose contemporary it is certain he was. As to the report that he lived an hundred and eighty-five years, and spent an hundred and sixty of them in the episcopate, it is paradoxical; although Gelenius endeavours to confirm it by the instance of St. Servatius, bishop of Tungria, (Tungrensis), whom some allege to have lived three hundred and seventy-three years; but this also, as we shall elsewhere say, is fabulous. We know that many long-lived persons are found, as well elsewhere as in the race of Scots and Britons; but that age of Kentigern cannot be maintained. For let us grant him to have reached the times of St. Gregory, and to have departed from the living in the year 608, as is said in the Anglican Martyrology, then he was brought forth into the light in the year 423.; but he was baptised immediately after his birth by the bishop St. Servanus, a disciple of St. Palladius; and St. Palladius was not sent to the Scots by Celestine till the year 429." Now, this reasoning would be irresistibly conclusive, *if all* the premises could be relied on. And, so far, they are

* Act. Sanct Jan. II. p. 97.

trustworthy; that is to say, the dates assigned to St. Columba, to Pope Gregory the Great, and to the mission of St. Palladius, are sufficiently authenticated. But then, for all we know, St. Serf might have been doing the work of an evangelist, and as part of that work administering baptism, along the northern shore of the Forth, for years before Palladius arrived to make him a bishop,—if he ever imparted that dignity to the patriarch of Culross. The truth however is, that the legend of St. Serf is quite as inextricably involved in chronological perplexities as that of Kentigern himself; so that any computation in which its statements are made to serve as data, cannot fail to be corrupted throughout. Although the argument of the Bollandists does not, to us, seem decisive against the single fact of St. Mungo's baptism by St. Serf, it certainly does demonstrate chronological inconsistencies which, so far as we are able to see, cannot possibly be reconciled.

Almost like Noah's dove which "found no rest for the sole of its foot," is the truth-seeker who muses and ponders over the chaotic *legends* and *vitae* of St. Kentigern;—almost, though not quite. More than willing perhaps, to believe as much as we could, of what is related concerning him, the *credibilia* have, in spite of us, shrunk gradually away into little more than nothing. We still deem it to be all but absolutely certain that Kentigern or Mungo, a man of unknown birth and parentage, did good service as a Christian evangelist in Clydesdale, during the first half of the sixth century; that having encountered some formidable opposition there, he carried his missionary zeal into Wales, where his success was conspicuous, and where he became the virtual founder of the bishoprick of St. Asaph's; and that he was afterwards recalled to Clydesdale, where he acquired a brilliant reputation, and after founding the bishoprick of Glasgow, died and was buried, probably before A.D. 575. All the rest we leave to the hagiographers, advancing, for the present at least, no claim to it on the part of the historians.

19. *Continued homage paid by the City of Glasgow to her patron Saint.* The armorial ensigns still used by our great commercial metropolis have been traced back, in all their main features, to A.D. 1325; * and any one, without graduating at the College of Heralds, might construct them out of the legends. 1. We have the miraculous mound which elevated itself beneath the saint, to let him be seen and heard. 2. The

* Lib. Coll. Noet. Dom. XXVI.

tree—said to have been, in the earlier blazon, a mere branch or twig,—of course represents the hazel bush with which the holy boy miraculously rekindled the fire at Culross. In the tree are curiously arranged,—3. St. Mungo's Bell; 4. the miraculous fish, whether pike or salmon, with Queen Langueth's ring in its mouth; and, 5. St. Serf's robin-redbreast. The motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the gospel," sounds like a modern invention.



III. ST. SERVANUS, OR SERF.

Aberdeen Breviary, I. Prop. Sanct. fol. xv.
1st July.

SOME other member, or members, of the group which we have formed,—Columba for instance, or Asaph, or even Palladius,—may, for all we know, have been quite as useful men, each in his own sphere, as the more celebrated evangelist of Clydesdale. But Kentigern has been, and is, the hero of our romance; so that our plan, be it good or be it bad, prescribes for his disciples and friends only subordinate places, and for their legendary history a less conspicuous treatment. This would, by itself, be a sufficient excuse for brevity in what remains to be said; and it is to be observed besides that, for illustrating the gests of those other saints, the abbot of Iona excepted, the materials are much less abundant than we have found them to be in the case of St. Mungo.

St. Servanus, Serfus, Serf, Sernanus, or Ernanus,—for so variously does his name appear to have been written,—is one of the most enigmatical and perplexing personages in a calendar which abounds in very deep and very dark mysteries. The numerical question,—how many Serfs were there?—forces itself on our attention at the very threshold of our enquiries;

and it speedily transforms itself into this other,—was there any St. Serf at all? The lections in the Breviary, give us two of the name under the form Servanus, a Scotsman and an Israelite. The Bollandists also give us two, the first of them identifiable with the Scotsman of the Breviary;* and the other, of whom we hear nothing whatever except the name, being one of a group of African martyrs who are mentioned in the Hieronymian Martyrology.† Dempster likewise gives us two, Servanus,‡ again identifiable with the Scotsman of the Breviary; and Serfus,|| probably the creature of the lying author's imagination. Camerarius gives us only one,§ under the form Sernanus, once more identifiable in the main, with the Scotch Servanus; but, curiously enough, marked for commemoration on the same day,—the 20th of April,—with the African martyr, whereas our national Serf's day is, as above, the 1st of July. This last perplexity, however we may lay, as a mistake, to the account of an author who suffers no wrong when it is said that he was both confused and unscrupulous. Another trifling complication arises from our recollection that, as may be seen in the course of the preceding article, the Serf who educated Kentigern is sometimes spoken of as being an Irish saint. This was probably the case; for the Scotia and the Scoti of the sixth century were certainly Ireland and the Irish; although the compiler of the Breviary, we suspect, did not mean to use the terms in that sense. And now, before proceeding further, let us try to understand, as clearly as we can, the amount of this statement. The name Serf, with some variety in the spelling, has presented itself seven times. In four of these cases it seems, as we have said, referable to the Scoto-Irish,—or, let us for the sake of convenience call him,—the western Serf. Of the remaining three, one, that is Serfus, is confidently believed to be a mere invention of Dempster. Then there is the Israelite of the Breviary, whom we may call the eastern Serf. And, finally, there is the African Servanus, who needed not, one would think, to have been mixed up with our enquiries, since all we hear of him is that he was a martyr, and of course perished, probably at the hands of the Donatists; nevertheless Camerarius seems to have confounded him, so far, with his Sernanus. Perhaps it should be explained here, that the identification of the person

* Act. Sanct. Julii I. p. 50.

† Ibid. Aprilis II, p. 746.

‡ Eccles. Hist. II. p. 573, Ban. Club.

|| Ibid. p. 574.

§ De fortitred, &c. p. 132.

mentioned in four different documents, which has been asserted above without a word of proof, is by no means wholly free from difficulties; for there are glaring inconsistencies among the statements. Still the points of agreement are so clear and strong, that we cannot refrain from ascribing the concord to the unity of the subject, and the discrepancy to the number of authors. The result is that we have three Serfs,—the western, the eastern, and the African Martyr.

But what are we to make of the following extract? After having told us what he knew or thought about some other personages, Ussher goes on to say :*—"To these may be added two abbots also, Odamnanus and Conwallanus, of the former of whom John Fordun makes mention in his *Scotichronicon*," when speaking, "of the Island in the Frith of Edinburgh called Inchkeith, on which the city of Guidi, noticed by Bede, is thought to have been situated. 'In it, at one time,' says Fordun, 'the holy abbot Odamnanus presided over his monks, when in that same island he received with great honour St. Servanus and his associates, at his first arrival in Scotland, and to whom, for a habitation, he then assigned an island of Lewyn.'" Now we can have no hesitation in taking the eastern Serf to be intended here; 1, because manifestly he was not a North Briton but a stranger; 2, because he could not have arrived from Ireland in the Frith of Forth; and, 3, because we conclude the *insula de Lewyn*, or the island in Lochleven, to which this Servanus was assigned by Odamnanus, to be the same with the *insula de Petmook*, or island of Portmoak in the Breviary, where the Israelitish Servanus is said to have been distinguished "in the time of the blessed Adamnanus." The arrival in North Britain of this eastern Servanus is referred to A.D. 488.†

If our interpretation of Fordun's language be sound, then we have still three Serfs to be accounted for. Of these the African martyr alone is vouched by anything like historical testimony; for whatever dubiety may attach to the martyrologium which has been ascribed to Jerome, it would be absurd to place traditions and legends of the twelfth century, at the utmost, in the balance against it. But this St. Servanus never approached our shores; we know nothing about him beyond his name and the fact of his martyrdom; and the blundering transference by Camerarius of the day set apart for his ritual commemoration to one of the two Serfs who are

* Ussher. Works, VI. p. 221.

† Ussher. Works, VI. p. 579.

said to have flourished in the west, is the single link which connects him with our enquiries. About him, therefore, we shall have nothing more to say. But the other two are not so easily disposed of. The legends affecting them are, as we apprehend them, wholly irreconcilable. Unwilling to believe that traditions, which have impressed an abiding memorial on localities in the neighbourhood, are wholly unfounded, we are inclined to think that there may have been an earlier Serf, whether of native or Hibernian descent, who generously protected Kentigern at Culross, and came into contact with Palladius in that region, on his retirement or escape from Ireland, about A.D. 431; and that there may also have been a later Servanus, who arrived in the Frith of Forth many years after Palladius had died at Fordun about A.D. 432., and who became the founder of the cœnobitic establishment in Lochleven now known as St. Serf's Inch. We have seen above that Ussher, calculating after Fordun we presume, places the coming of the eastern Serf to North Britain in A.D. 488.; and we shall immediately see that Wynton brings it at least as low as A.D. 580.;—dates, the earliest of which is half-a-century later than the death of Palladius. We suspect that the latest of these reckonings is considerably too early for the fact,—if there ever was such a fact,—and that Inchcolm rather than Inchkeith was the scene of the stranger's honourable reception by the abbot Adamnanus. These surmises, however, are quite as uncertain as the site of Beda's *urbs* Guidi; and we are well aware that the view which we have ventured to suggest is the result of mere guessing; for we have not a syllable of substantive, or even ostensibly corroborative, evidence to adduce in support of it.

The miracles ascribed to St. Serf, by the lections in the Breviary, are of the usual type. An adventure of Thor with a goat, recorded among the fables of the northern mythology, presents us with a singularly exact parallel to the case of the poor man's restored pig. The Welsh hagiological traditions offer us at least partially similar examples of resuscitation. Thus, "on a certain time Meredydd, king of Reinuc, came with a powerful force of enemies to his property in Glamorganshire, that he might there reign; where having come he ordered them to plunder, and to drive off oxen to the camp for food. And they therefore brought an hundred oxen, amongst which was a very fat one that was stolen from the townsmen of the blessed Cadoc; and when slain it was cut into

pieces, that by cooking it might be prepared for satisfying the hunger of the king and his companions ; but it could not by any means be roasted by coals nor boiled in water. Which being told to the king he ordered all the aforesaid oxen to be restored to their owners. And when they were all brought together, the ox which had been killed as above-mentioned, appeared alive and well among the others. Then every one took his ox, praising and glorifying God in his excellent servant Cadoc." * We shall venture to add a still more wonderful exploit of the celebrated St. Tathan. "On a certain night thieves came from the district of Gwynllyw to Gwent, and stole the aforesaid cow ; and taking her to the city killed her, and having cut her up put her flesh into a pot ; but the more it was cooked so much the more did it become bloody in the pot. On the morrow the venerable servant of God (Tathan) being informed by the shepherd of the cow having been taken away, found a trace of her near the city, marked in wonderful manner on a stone, then the very holy man said,—

" This stone which is trodden on, and whiter than salt,
Has fixed thereon marks received from the foot of a cow.

" Therefore knowing with his companions the way on which the thieves went, he ingeniously traced the footsteps of one cow, and of only one, until he came to the door of the palace. King Gwynllyw, who as yet was wicked, saw the innocent man and his companions coming, and ordered his servants to place a kettle full of hot water, and cover it with bulrushes, and put thereon a linen cloth, to form a deceitful seat. The most just man, as he ordered, was placed by such contrivance over the kettle, which proved a heavenly support. When the deceitful knaves expected that he would fall into the hot water, the seat was solid as if made of stone. The King seeing that the lover of God was guarded by divine protection, fell on his knees, beseeching him to grant his mercy for his very wicked deceit. And he, after the manner of a very religious man, for his part, forgave the crime, on the condition that his servants should not repeat the robbery. These words being said, they put the flesh and bones on the skin, and those being so placed, the cow came to life, and rising before them all, returned in company with them." †

The devil's temptation of the saint at Dysart will almost immediately find an expositor in Wynton, and we pass on to the sheep that was stolen "in Athren," probably the modern

* Lives, &c., Welsh MS. Soc. p. 373.

† Lives, *ut sup.* 586-7.

Airthrey. In this instance again, the alleged miracle may be matched. "It happened on a certain time," says the biographer of St. Winifred,* "that a man was rebuked for theft at the fountain, and he perpetuated it by perjury in the chapel of the church of the martyr: but the blessed virgin (Winefred) seasonably made know to the presumptuous person what he had unlawfully affirmed. For the goat which he had just eaten, uttered an audible bleating from the belly of the thief, and so made it known that he was guilty. A matter sufficiently horrid that what is denied by a rational animal with an oath, is disclosed by a brute, and what is more unusual, by one that had just been eaten." Again,—“A certain thief stole the best of the cattle of St. Aidus and ate it, and when he would swear before St. Aidus that he had not eaten the animal, an ear of the cow was seen in his lips, and all the bystanders derided him.”†

The legend of the "huge and horrible dragon" is more allied to the adventures of knight-errantry, than to the marvels of hagiography; still the Welsh Saint Brynach is reported‡ to have achieved a triumph like that of St. Serf, over "a pestilential beast," in the vicinity of Rome, in the course of a visit to the holy city. The narrative is not worth quoting. We have rendered "dünyne" of the Breviary "Dunning;" but Wynton reads Dovyn, so that perhaps some place in the valley of the Devon was intended. And now we proceed at once to the full-blown legend of St. Serf, drawn up by Wynton, who ought to have known what he was speaking about, with which we intend to conclude this article. "Andrew of Wyntown" was a canon regular of the Priory of St. Andrews. That opulent conventual establishment had a dependency on an island in Lochleven, called St. Serf's Inch, claiming to have been founded by Brud, the son of Dargard, king of the Picts, probably about A.D. 700. This is about the time when we have supposed that the eastern Serf might have arrived in the Forth, and had a secure retreat assigned to him and his companions by a friendly prince, on a lonely and sheltered island in an extensive lake. But be these things as they might, Wynton became Prior of the canons regular on St. Serf's Inch, in or before A.D. 1395.; and he completed his "Oryginale Cronykil of Scotland," between September, A.D. 1420., and April, A.D. 1424. As in duty bound, he glorified his patron saint, the holy Serf, to the utmost of his ability; but no very laudable motive could have induced him to confound,

* Lives, &c., Welsh MS. Soc. p. 521.

† Ibid. p. 571.

‡ Ibid. p. 290

as in our apprehension he has done, two distinct men for the sake of magnifying one; or to set the computations of chronology at utter defiance. However, here is his version of the legend.*

“AND qwhen this thryd Jhont[†] wes dede,
 Saynct Serfe sewyn yhere held hys sted;
 He wes of lyf ane haly man,
 The Kyngis Sone of Kanaan.
 Hys Fadrys Landis of heritage
 Fell til hym be clere lynage,
 And lauchful lele befor all othire:
 That gave he til hys yhowngare Brodyre.
 All swylk Cumbyre he forsuke,
 And til haly lyf hym tuke.
 God send hym a swet Angele
 To gyve hym Confort and Console:
 And wytth that Angel alsa fast
 Fyrst til alysandyre he past;
 Til Constantynopil syne he come,
 And to the Cyté frá theyne of Rome.
 Thare than wakyd the Pápys Se;
 And chosyn syne til it wes he.
 Than governyd he that sewyn yhere,
 And quhen all thai oure-passyde were,
 The angel, that his Leddare was,
 Sayd, hym behowyd frá Rome to pas;
 For God ordaynit noucht, that he
 Langare in that Land suld be.
 Than, on a solempne day,
 Or he begowth to tak hys way,
 He made a Predycatyowne,
 And a solempne fayre Sermowne
 To the Romanys, that he gert call
 Befor hym; and thare at thame all
 Hys Leve he tuk but mare delay.
 Wyth thare Blyssyng he past hys way,
 And wytth that Angel wpon chans
 Frá theyne, throwch the Rewme of Frawns,
 Strawcht to that Se departand
 Of Frawns the Kynrykis and Ingland.
 Schyppying thare he gat redy,
 Wyth hym ane hwn dyr in cumpany:
 In thai Schyppys he made entrè,
 Syne tuk wp sayle, and held the Se.

* Wyntown I. p. 126.

† Pope John III. died A.D. 573.

Wyth wynd at wyll ay furth thai past
 In Forth quhill thai come at the last,
 And arrywyd at Inchekeith,
 The Ile betwene Kyngorne and Leth.
 Of Ykolmkil the abbot than
 Saynt Adaman, the haly man,
 Come til hyme thare, and fermly
 Mád spyrytuale band of cumpany,
 And tetryd hym to cum in Fyfe,
 The tyme to dryve oure of hys lyfe.
 Than til Dysard hys Menyhé
 Of that counsale fwrth send he.
 Syne at Kynnell he come to land.
 Thare oure the Watty: he kest his Wand
 That suddanly grewe in a Tre,
 And bare of Appylys gret plenté,
 And that stede eftyre ay
 Morglas was callit mony day.
 And oure the Watty, of purpos,
 Of Forth he passyd till Culross:
 Thare he begowth to red a grownd,
 Quhare that he thowcht a kyrk to found.

Brwde Dargardis Sowne, in Scotland
 Kyng oure the Peychtis than regnand,
 Was movyd in gret crwalte
 Agayne the Saynet, and his Menyhe:
 He send fellowne men for thi
 To sle thame all downe but mercy.
 Bot this Kyng ourtakyn wes
 Suddanly wytht gret seknes;
 And at the prayer specyale
 Of Saynt Serfe he wes mád hála.
 The Kyng than fell frá that purpos,
 And gave to Saynt Serfe all Culros,
 Wytht allkyn profytes ay frely.
 Syne till his prayeris devoutly
 He hym commendyt, and his State,
 And put away allkyn debate;
 And ressaywyd with honesté
 Saynt Serfe thare and his menyhé,
 Thare fyrst Saynt Serfe tuk hys Reset
 To lyve of that, that he mycht get.
 And thare he browcht wpe Saynt Mongowe,
 That syne was Byschape of Glasgowe.
 Syne frá Culros he past ewyn
 To the Inche of Lowch-Lewyn.

The Kyng Brad of devotyounne
 Mád til Saynct Serf donatyowne
 Of that Inche, and he duelt thare,
 Till sewyn yhere oure-passyd ware.

In Twlybothy ane il Spyryte
 A Crystin man that tyme taryit.
 Of that Spyryte he was than
 Delyveryd throuch that haly man.
 In Twlicultry til a Wyfe
 Twa swynnys he rasyd frá Dede to Lyf.
 This haly man had a Ram,
 That he had fed up of a Lame,
 And oysyd hym to follow ay,
 Quhare-ewyre he passyd in hys way.
 A Thefe this Schepe in Athren stall,
 And ete hym up in pesis all.
 Quhen Saynct Serf hys Ram had myst,
 Quha hat it stall, wes few that wyst:
 On presumptyowne nevyrtheles
 He that it stall arestyde wes!

And til Saynt Serfe syne wes he broucht.
 That Schepe, he sayd, that he stall noucht,
 And thare-til for to swere an athe,
 He sayd that he wtkd noucht be lathe.
 Bot sone he worthyde rede for schame—
 The Schepe thare bletyd in hys Wame.
 Swa wes he tayntyt schamfully,
 And at Saynt Serf askyd mercy.
 In Dovyn of devotyounne
 And prayere he slwe a fell Dragowne:
 Quhare he wes slayne that plás wes ay
 The Dragownis Den cald to this day.

Quhil Saynt Serf intil a stede
 Lay eftyre Maytynis in his bede,
 The Devil come, in full intent
 For til fand hym wytth argument,
 And said, 'Saynt Serfe, be thi werk,
 I ken thou art a connand Clerk.'
 Saynt Serf sayd, 'Give I swa be
 Foule Wreche, quhat is that for thee?'
 The Dewyl sayd, 'This Questyowne
 I ask in oure Collatyowne;
 Sa, quhare wes God, wat thou oucht,
 Befor that Hewyn and Erd wes wroucht' f
 Saynct Serf saed, 'In hym-self stedles,
 Hys Godhed hampred nevyr wes.'

The Devel than askyd, 'Quhat caus he hade
 To mak the Creaturis that he made?'
 To that Saynt Serf answeryd there,—
 'Of Creature mād he wes Makare;
 A Makare mycht he nevyr be,
 But gyve Creaturis mād had he'
 The Dewyl askyd him, 'Quhy God of noucht
 Hys werkis all full gud had wroucht?'
 Saynt Serf answeryd, 'Goddis will
 Wes nevyr to mak hys werkis ill:
 And als, inwyus he had bene sene
 Gyf noucht bot he full gud had bene.'
 Saynt Serfe the Dewil askyd than,
 'Quhare mād God Adam the fyrst man?'
 'In Ebron Adam fowrmȳd was,'
 Saynt Serf sayd. And til hym than Sathanas
 Sayd, 'Quhare wes he eft that for his wyce
 He wes put owt of Paradice?'
 Saynt Serf sayd, 'Quhare he wes mād.'
 The Devil asked, 'How lang he bāde
 In Paradyce eftyr hys Syne?'
 'Sevyn howris,' Serf sayd, 'he bād therein'
 'Quhare wes Eve mād?' sayd Sathanas.
 'In Paradyse mād,' Serf sayd, 'Scho was.'
 At Sayn Serfe the Devil askyd than,
 'Quhy God let Adam the fyrst man
 And Eve syne in Paradyce?'
 Saynt Serfe sayd that 'Mony wys
 God wȳst wele, and wȳndyrstude,
 That thare-of suld cum mykil gud:
 For Cryst tuk fleysch man-kynd to wyne,
 That wes to payne put for that Syne.'
 The Devil askyd, 'Quhy mycht noucht be
 All man-kynd delyvered fre
 Be tham-self, set God had noucht
 Thame wyth hys pretyows passyowne boucht?'
 Saynt Serfe sayd, 'Thai fell noucht in
 Be thame-self into thaire Syne;
 Bot be fals Suggestyowne
 Of the Devil, thare Fa fellowne.
 For-thi he chesyd to be borne
 To sauf Man-kynd that wes forlorne,'
 The Devil askyd at him than,
 'Quhy wald noucht God mak a new Man,
 Mankynd to delyver fre?'
 Saynt Serfe sayd, 'That suld noucht be:

It suffeyt well than, Mankynd
 Anys suld cum of Adamys Strynd.
 The Devile askyd, 'Quhy that yhe
 Men ar quyte delyveryd fre
 Throwch Crystis Passyowne pretyows boucht.
 And we Devilys swa ar noucht f'
 Saynt Serfe sayd, 'For that yhe
 Fell throwch youre awyn Inyqwyté :'
 And throwch oure-self we nevyr fell,
 Bot throwch youre fellowne fals Counsel.
 And for yhe Devilys war noucht wroucht
 Of brukyl kynd, yhe wald nocht
 Wyth Rewth of Hart for-think youre Syn,
 That throwch yhoure-self yhe war fallyn in ,
 Thare-for Crystis Passyowne
 Suld nocht be yhoure Redemptyowne.'
 Than sawe the Dewyl that he cowde noucht
 Wyth all the wylis that he sowecht,
 Ourecum Saynct Serf ; he sayd than,
 He kend hym for a wys man ;
 For-thi he thare gave hym qwyte,
 For he wan at hym ná profyte.
 Saynct Serf said, 'Thow Wrech gá
 Frá this stede, and noy ná má
 Into this stede, I byd thé,'
 Frá that stede he held hym away,
 And nevyr wes sene thare til this day.
 Eftyr all this Saynct Serfe past
 West on til Culros als fast.
 And be hys state quhen that he knewe,
 That til hys endyng nere he drewe,
 The wrechyd Warld he for-suke.
 Hys Sacramentis thare all he tuke,
 With Schryfte and full Contretyowne.
 He yhald wyth gud devotyowne
 Hys cors til halowyd Sepulture,
 And hys Saule tils the Creature."

Of course the last word in this long quotation is to be understood in quite the opposite sense;—that of creator. And in conclusion, we beg to invite some special attention to the passage-at-arms between St. Serf and his Tempter, as a sample of the theological speculation, which prevailed among the most cultivated men of our country, during the first quarter of the fifteenth century. Andrew of Wyntown ranked among the

foremost of these ; and yet, we have so little to say for his gifts that we take his antagonist to have been a very poor—debater indeed, who had reason to be ashamed of himself, as it would seem he was.

IV. ST. COLUMBA.

Aberdeen Breviary, II. Prop. Sanct. fol. cil.
9th June.

THE two ancient lives of St. Columba, by Cumin (or Cum-mene) and Adamnan, have been incidentally noticed above ; and they are the earliest examples of our native literature now extant. It is to be regretted that they are, though unequally, tainted with the vices of the hagiological school. The first of them, written about A.D. 560, is full of legendary miracles, with little, or almost nothing, else to the purpose ; and the other, although an exceptionally favourable specimen of its class, and containing more than the usual amount of purely historical matter, nevertheless comprehends all the fables of Cuminius and some trifle more.

An exhaustive examination here, of the commemorative office dedicated by the Aberdeen Breviary to St. Columba, is altogether inadmissible ; and brief hints, however cautiously expressed, are apt to prove unsatisfactory and misleading. In imminent danger therefore of saying either too much or too little, we have determined to say nothing at all ; and simply refer to Adamnan's " VITA SANCTI COLUMBÆ," as it has been admirably edited for the " Irish Archaeological and Celtic Society " by the Rev. William Reeves, D.D., M.R.I.A. 1857.

V. ST. ASAPH.

Aberdeen Breviary, II. Prop. Sanct. fol. xcil.
1st May.

It might be inferred from his language, that the compiler of the Breviary was disposed to claim St. Asaph for a North

Briton; and yet the parentage assigned him by the southern traditions has an extremely Welsh aspect. "He was the son," says the Rev. Rice Rees,* "of Sawyl Benuchel and Gwenaseth, daughter of Rhufon Rhufoniog." He was therefore probably of Cambro-British rather than of Irish descent; and all else that we hear about him appears in the legends. It seems not to be doubted that he really was, after Kentigern, the founder of a monastery and bishopric at St. Asaph's.

St. Asaph's mode of carrying fire appears to have been a favourite miracle in Wales. Caffo, a disciple of St. Cybi, carried a burning brand from a smith to his holy master, in his bosom, "without even the hem of his shirt being burned."† The youthful Cadoc not only brought his coals to his master St. Tathan, without harm, "in his cloak;" but the remaining coals, "as long as they continued preserved, cured diseases, were called salubrious, and were esteemed by all the country."‡ The same St. Cadoc, while still a boy under the tuition of Meuthi, who baptized him in the fountain which afterwards flowed with metheglin, had another like adventure. The peculiarity of this example is that it discloses a vindictive spirit which, though oftenest suppressed in the narratives, appears to us to be latent in many of the legendary miracles. To Tidus, a servant of the holy Meuthi, who was at the time engaged in drying oats at a thrashing floor, Cadoc applied for fire. The churlish rustic refused "to give him any except he would carry the burning coals in his cloak." Cadoc accepted the conditions; but on his way home, maliciously prayed "that this rustic by the kindling of his own firebrands, may with his thrashing floor and corn be burned together, and that his thrashing floor be cursed by God, so that no one after his death may use it for an age, and that his offspring be subject to the heathens. The supplication being ended, and he looking back, lo! the thrashing-floor which was cursed by him, and the foolish countryman above-mentioned, were set on fire and altogether consumed. And in that place where the thrashing or winnowing floor was situated, an unseemly fountain arose after the burning, in memory of divine vengeance which, causing there a small marsh, hitherto remains in memory of the circumstance." ||

* Essay, &c. p. 265.

† Lives &c., W. MSS. Soc. p. 500.
|| Ibid. pp. 318-19.

‡ Ibid. p. 587.

VI. ST. BALDRED.

Aberdeen Breviary II. Prop. Sanct. fol. lxiif.
29th March.

THOUGH St. Baldred has not been left wholly without notice by other writers, yet the substance of all that appears to have been recorded concerning his personal history, may be found in the lections of the Breviary. Of his origin, therefore, referred vaguely by Dempster to Lothian, we know nothing whatever. But his name, under a vulgarized form, has left a deep traditionary mark along the eastern section of the Haddington coast. About half-a-mile south-west from Tantallon is St. Baudron's well, and his cradle, "rocked by the winds and waves," is in a deep fissure of the cliff at Whitberry, near the mouth of the Tyne. A small rock at the mouth of Aldham Bay, traditionally that perilous block which Baldred floated ashore from the mid-channel between the Bass and the coast, is still known as "Baudron's boat." Then as to churches, let it be noted that "Cunninghame" is clearly an error in the Breviary,—whether of the compiler or of the printer, we have no means of knowing,—for Tynnyngame. Now the church of Tynnyngam was very ancient, said to have been founded by St. Baldred, and certainly enjoying the privilege of sanctuary prior to the time of King Malcolm IV. Aldham church, the foundation of which also was ascribed to St. Baldred, stood on the sea-cliff to the west of the village which transmits the name; its ruins are reported to have been visible in A.D. 1770, but have now disappeared; and the two primitive parishes, Auldham and Tynnyngame, have long been annexed to Whitekirk, formerly called Hamer,—the better home of the three. Finally, the church of Prestonkirk is supposed to have been originated by St. Baldred.*

Of stones, serving the purposes of navigation, we may hear something under our next article. The great feat of Baldred's life was rather a miracle of engineering; and from that point of view, if not exactly matched, he seems to have been at any rate rivalled, by the Welsh Saint Teilo. This prelate had gone on a visit to Armorica, and while there he intimated to his companions that their king, Gerennius, to whom he had

* "St. Baldred of the Bass," by James Miller, 8vo, Edinburgh 1824,—a feeble poem, with some notes worth reading.

solemnly pledged himself to administer the last rites of the church, was dying at home. An immediate return was instantly ordered. "A large ship being therefore prepared," says the narrative,* "and seven years and seven months expired during which St. Teilo had resided in the country of the Armoricans, he entered into it with many doctors and some other bishops, by whose sanctity the British nation should be refreshed. * * * And then he enjoined his companions, saying, 'Take with you this stone coffin, that the body of Gerennius may be buried therein;' and they wondering, declared that they could not obey his command, 'for,' said they, 'ten yoke of oxen can scarcely move it from its place.' But he, trusting in the Lord and the prayers of his bishops and people, directed that it should be cast into the sea before the prow of the ship, and (intimated) that through the power of God it would be brought to the bank without using an oar, which was accordingly done. And as they sailed in the middle of the sea, another ship met them, and the sailors coming together conversed with each other, and a bishop sent by king Gerennius mentioned that the king was dying, but expected the arrival and coming to him of St. Teilo. Sailing together from thence they got to a harbour called Dingerein; and lo! immediately the aforesaid stone that had been thrown into the sea, having arrived, appeared between the two ships and according to the faith of the holy pastor of Christ manifested the glory of his majesty. St. Teilo coming to the king found him still living; and having received the body of the Lord from his hand, (he) joyfully migrated to the Lord; and his body was carefully buried in the aforesaid stone coffin, and by his holy confessor committed to God."

Even St. Baldred's posthumous miracle was matched by St. Teilo; thus,—“On the night of his (Teilo's) decease,† there arose a great dispute between the clergy of three of his churches, each asserting its authorities and privileges for obtaining his body; one of which was Pennalun, and which claimed because it was there his ancestors had been buried, and therefore the proper place by hereditary right; the second church which was situated on the banks of the Towy, claimed it because it was the place of his residence where he lived retired, and because he there gloriously ended his life; the third was Llandaff, and urged its claim on account of its having been his episcopal see, of its privileges and dignities, its consecrations and obedi-

* Lib. Landav. p. 350.

† Ibid. p. 353.

ence, and of the unanimous voice of all the diocese, and especially because of its former state, and the appointment of St. Dubricius and other fathers. But at length, attending to the advice of discreet men, they had recourse to fasting and prayer, that Christ the great judge, who is the true authority and privilege of holy persons, should declare by some manifest sign, to which of them he would be pleased to commit the holy body of the saint. And in the morning a certain elder, looking towards the place where the body was, spoke with a loud voice, saying, 'Our prayer, brethren, has been heard by the Lord, who deprives no one of his reward. Arise and behold what things have been done by Christ the Mediator between God and man, that our dispute might be settled; and as in the life, so in the death of the holy Confessor Teilo, miracles should be performed.' For lo! they saw there three bodies to which there were the same dimensions of body, the same beauty of countenance; what more?—they had the lineaments of the whole frame without any difference."

Men who believed these legends might naturally argue from them in favour of transubstantiation; and in our country at least, they did so.

VII. ST. CONWALL.

Aberdeen Breviary, I. Prop. Sanct. fol. cxvii.
18th May.

THE shrine of St. Conwall at Inchinnan, appears to have been a place of resort for sick people and devout pilgrims, down to the eve of the Reformation.

"Ane halie man of Scotland of great fame
That samin tyme, hecht Conwallus to name,
Discipill als he wes of Sanct Mungow;
In Inchannane, schort gait bewest Glasgw
His bodie lyis, quhair I myself hes bene
In pilgrimage, and his reliques hes sene." *

Though here claimed for our modern Scotland, he was undoubtedly of Irish origin. The wonder-working stone on which he floated across the channel and up the Clyde as far as the mouth of the Cart, or what the Paisley "bodies" quaintly call the "Watter-neb," is said to be still preserved and visible, within the grounds of Blythswood.

* Stewart's Chronicles, &c. II., p. 294.

Of course anything whatever,—a cloak, a handkerchief, or such like,—sufficed for saintly navigation on what were deemed worthy occasions; but upon the whole, stones, for no reason that we can think of except their special power of sinking, seem to have stood highest in favour with the hagiographers. Molocus, Molochanus, Moloak,—there are some six or eight other ways of writing his name,—the patron-saint of Lismore, came across from Ireland to that charming green island, on a stone which, we suppose, may still be seen there; and he must have obtained considerable celebrity in North Britain since, next after Kentigern's, the commemorative Office dedicated to him in the Aberdeen Breviary is, as we apprehend, the most complex and florid provided for the festival of any national saint.* The Welsh saint Brynach, also crossed "from Lesser Britain" (Brittany) to the "port of Milford," "on a piece of rock."† Nimanauc, a disciple of St Padarn, unable to live in Armorica after his master's departure, crossed over to the British coast on "a certain stone."‡ For the sake of variety we may here introduce a voyage of St. Aidus. He had gone to visit St. David; "and when the time came that he should again return, he said to St. David, 'How shall I go over the sea?' To whom the blessed David answered, 'Go to the sea, and whatever animal shall come to thee, go thereon and pass over the sea.' Then Aidus went to the sea in the country of the Britons, and he saw a large animal in the likeness of a great horse, and sitting on his shoulders he came across the sea to Ireland, to a place which is called Imber Cremthrain; and the animal returned to the sea."§ When it became important to warn St. David against an attempt of one of his deacons to poison him, and no ship was ready, Scutinus, one of his disciples, under the direction of an angel, "went to the sea-shore and into the sea to his knees, and a monster taking him brought him to the borders of the city."§ The Irish abbot Barri had the good fortune, "once upon a time," to meet St. Brendan, the most celebrated of saintly voyagers, in a rather singular way. Barri had been on a visit to St. David, and being at a loss for a ship when desirous of returning home, he asked the holy Diwi for a loan of his own horse, and obtained it. "Having received the benediction of the father, he went to the harbour and into the sea, and confiding in the benediction of the father and the support of the

* Aberd. Brev. † Lives, &c. p. 291. ‡ Ibid. p. 506. § Ibid. 566.
§ Ibid. 434.

horse, he made use of the horse for a ship; for the swelling waves were prepared as a level field; and when he had proceeded a good way Saint Brendanus appeared to him on a marine animal where he led a wonderful life. And Saint Brendanus seeing a man riding on the sea, was astonished and said,—‘The Lord is wonderful in his saints.’ And the man on horseback got near where he was, that they might salute each other. Having saluted, Brendanus enquired who he was and from whom he had come, and how he rode on the sea; to whom Barri after relating the cause of his journey, said,—‘Because the sailing of a ship prepared for me by the brethren was suspended, the holy father David, that I might accomplish what was necessary, gave me the horse on which he was accustomed to ride; and so protected by his benediction, I have travelled in this way.’ To whom Brendanus said,—‘Go in peace, I will come and see him.’ And Barri with uninterrupted pace got to his country, and related to the brethren what had been done respecting him; and they kept the horse in a stall in the monastery until its death. And after its death a picture of the horse was painted in memory of the miracle, and protected with gold is still to be had in the island of Ireland, which also shines with plenty of miracles.* Nor were the privileges of miraculous navigation restricted to living saints. The blessed Samson, bishop of Döl in Brittany, died there; and after the end of his life, his body was placed in a coffin which moved, and a strong wind raised it, and by divine power carried it in the softest manner to the sea. Then it passed over the waves as a duck, and arrived like a sailing ship safe and prosperously in the harbour of Illyd.†

The wonder-working properties of water which had been brought into intimate contact with amulets, sacred stones, or charmed balls of whatever substance, is too familiarly known to require any special illustration. The celebrated “Lee-penny” is no more than a casually famous example of the class. Of course when the amulet or charm was of small dimensions, the water to be medicated was simply well stirred with it; but a different practice was imperative in the case of a mass so large and ponderous as Conwal’s boat. Too unwieldy to be handled, its virtues were secured by collecting for use, water which had been poured over it. So it was, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth,‡ that Merlin explained the magical properties of those huge monoliths which, on Salisbury Plain, still laugh at

* Lives, &c. pp 485-6.

† Ibid. p. 481.

‡ Lib. VIII. c. xi.

antiquarians, as "The Giant's Dance," or Stonehenge. "They are mystical stones," said the great wizard, "and of a medicinal virtue. The giants of old brought them from the furthest coasts of Africa, and placed them in Ireland while they inhabited that country. Their design in this was to make baths in them, when they should be taken with any illness. For their method was to wash the stones and put their sick into the water, which infallibly cured them. With the like success they cured wounds also, adding only the application of some herbs. There is not a stone there which has not some healing virtue."

VIII. ST. PALLADIUS.

Aberdeen Breviary, I. ~~Pop.~~ Sanct. fol. xxiv.
6th July.

AN exhaustive and critical examination of all that has been written regarding this saint's life, would be out of place here; and yet the unquestionably historical character and position of Palladius impose upon us the obligation, or the necessity, of being, if as brief as possible, still at any rate specially circumspect and accurate. It will be observed then that, according to the first lection in the Breviary, he was an Egyptian of distinguished parentage; while other productions of comparatively recent date speak of him as a Greek, a Galatian, and a native Hibernian. He is moreover said to have been the writer of several works, such as a life of Chrysostom, a treatise against the Pelagian heresy, and a book of epistles. For all particulars connected with the questions thus raised, and for a conclusive refutation of every one of these assertions, we shall simply refer to the careful and learned enquiries of Archbishop Usher;* contenting ourselves with a brief notice of the western traditions, and the historical evidence on the subject.

Bellenden, translating Hector Boece, acquaints us with the views regarding the mission of Palladius, which Scottish writers propagated in the centuries immediately anterior to the reformation. "Amang us," says that author, "wer in thay days,† Palladius quilk was send be Celestine, Pape, to confound the heresy of Pelagius, risin than in sundry partis of Albion. This Palladius was the first bishop that bure authorite amang the

* Works, VI. pp. 351-71.

† Cronicles, I. p. 286.

Scottis, and was creat by the Pape. The bishoppis afore him war creat be votes allanerlie of the monks and preistis, namit Culdeis. This Palladius purgit the Scottis and Pichtis of mony vane superstitionis and rites of Gentilis, usit in thay days, and thairefore be was callit the apostill of Scottis: and deceissit in ane town of Mernis, namit Fordoun; quhare his blissit body restis yit, haldin in gret veneration amang the pepill. His banis war laityly translatit be ane nobill man, William Scheves, archbishop of Sanct Andros, and put in ane silver cais, with mony solempne cerimonyis, fra the incarnation of God ane MCCCXCIV yeris. This Palladius maid Sanct Serf bishop, and send him in Orknay, to instruct the rude pepill thair of in the faith; als he gaif the sacrament of baptem to Tervanus, and maid him archebishop of Pichtis." Hence it is clear that these writers, to whom John of Fordun may be added, adhered, with more loyalty than judgment, to the fable of King Donald and Pope Victor, according to which christianity was first brought to North Britian in A.D. 203. This curious fiction, invented during the bloody contest for supremacy between the crowns of England and Scotland in the thirteenth certury, was manifestly adopted also by the compiler of the Aberdeen Breviary, as appears in the fourth lection of the Office prepared for the commemoration of St. Palladius. In our translation of that lection we have attempted to imitate the rude verses,—*vulgares illi versculi* they are called by Ussher,—which were composed, perhaps before the battle of Bannockburn, for the purpose of fixing and transmitting the imaginary era of our national conversion; the original of them may be inserted here.

"Christi transactis tribus annis atque ducentis,
 Scotia Catholicam ocepit inire fidem.
 Roma Victore primo papa residente,
 Principe Severo martyr et occubuit."

Clearly then the writers referred to above, all of them, and they had several followers, supposed that the mission of Palladius was directed originally and expressly to North Britain;—that it was superinduced on Culdee institutions traceable back for fully two centuries and a quarter;—that its special object accordingly, was not the conversion of mere ethnics, but the correction of Pelagian errors and the introduction of a canonical episcopate;—and that it was eminently successful among the Northern Picts. We shall not pause here to expose the anachronisms and other absurdities involved in these wild

assumptions;—some of them will become obvious enough as we proceed.

Of the Irish tradition regarding Palladius, several versions may be found on the pages of Ussher; * but our purpose may be sufficiently served by an extract from the “Annals of the four Masters,” since it is in substantial harmony with everything that the learned archbishop has adduced. “The age of Christ, 430.† The second year of Laeghaire. In this year Pope Celestinus the first sent Palladius to Ireland, to propagate the faith among the Irish; and he landed in the county of Leinster with a company of twelve men. Nathi, son of Garchu, refused to admit him; but however he baptised a few persons in Ireland, and three wooden churches were erected by him, (namely) Cell-Fhine, Teach-na-Romhan, and Domhnach-Arta. At Cell-Fhine he left his books, and a shrine with the relics of Paul and Peter and many Martyrs besides. He left these four in these churches,—Augustinus, Benedictus, Silvester, and Solinus. Palladius on his returning back to Rome, as he did not receive respect in Ireland, contracted a disease in the country of the Cruithnigh, and died thereof.” To this quotation the following note is subjoined by O'Donovan:—“*Palladius*. From the notice of this Missionary in Prosper's Chronicle, it is evident that there were some communities of christians among the Scoti in Ireland. His words are,—*ad Scotos in Cristum credentes, ordinatus † a Papa Celestino, Palladius primus episcopus mittitur*. The same writer boasts that this new missionary to the British Isles, while endeavouring to keep the Roman island of Britain catholic, had made the barbarous,—i.e., not romanized,—island christian. *Et ordinato Scotis episcopo, dum Romanam insulam studet servare catholicam, fecit barbaram christianam*. This sanguine announcement was issued by Prosper, in a work directed against the semi-pelagians, before the true result of Palladius's mission had reached him. This unsuccessful missionary did not live to report at Rome his failure in the barbarous island; but, being driven by a storm on the coast of North Britain, there died at Fordun in the district of Magh-Geirgin, or Mearns.”

Prosper of Aquitaine was a contemporary of Celestine, and though not ordinarily resident at Rome, was in frequent communication, as an eager and distinguished controversialist, with

* Works, VI. 367, &c.

† Annals, &c. I. p. 129

‡ *Rocle*, *ordinatur*, &c., *et primus*, &c.

the papal court. When he said, as quoted above in the original,—“To the Scoti believing in Christ, Palladius is ordained by Pope Caelestine, and is sent (as their) first bishop,”* he recorded in his chronicle an occurrence which lay within his own direct and personal knowledge. This mission, as we have seen incidentally, is sometimes referred to A.D. 429., and sometimes to the following year; but according to the best chronological authorities, the true date is A.D. 431.; and it is now admitted on all hands that Palladius was sent to the Hibernian Scots. Of his earlier history nothing is known. He had probably been a deacon of the Roman Church; for though by several writers he is said to have been an eastern bishop, and by one writer at least, to have been an archdeacon somewhere, these statements are wholly unworthy of credit. The second quotation from Prosper is undoubtedly the occasion of some perplexity. “He,” that is Palladius, “having been ordained a bishop for the Scoti, while he strove to keep the Roman island catholic, also made the barbarous (island) Christian.”† This is extracted from a keenly polemical tract *contra Collatorem*, that is, against John Cassian, at that time the leader of the semi-pelagians in southern Gaul. Beyond all question the *Romana insula* denotes Great Britain, and the *barbara* Ireland. It is probably quite true, as O'Donovan, anticipated by Ussher, conjectures,—that Prosper wrote the clause while still uninformed regarding the fate of Palladius. But even this supposition hardly explains his language. In the context his object is to extol the orthodox zeal of Pope Caelestine against pelagianism, everywhere and in all forms; that is his subject, and the allusion to our western world is merely incidental. But, as it seems to us, he must have known either that Palladius had retired,—perhaps had been driven,—from Ireland into North Britain; or that his instructions were, should he fail of success in the barbarous island, to carry his missionary efforts for Roman orthodoxy into what was supposed to be the native soil of the great western heresy. Except on the assumption of at least one,—it may be both,—of these alternatives, we think his language inexplicable; and even then, though, with a clear basis of truth, is highly exaggerated. Palladius did endeavour to make the barbarous island christian, and not wholly without success, though he was constrained to withdraw after having founded no more than three churches; moreover he did enter among the Cruith-

* *Prosperi Opera*, 744, c. Edit. Paris, 1711.

† *Ibid.* 363, a.

nigh or Picts of North Britain, on the enterprise of keeping the Roman island catholic, or loyal in the points of ritual and doctrine to the Latin orthodoxy. But his missionary career was very brief as well as not very brilliant; and St. Prosper, misinformed perhaps,—more probably carried away by controversial eagerness and sanguine expectations,—greatly overstated its results. Palladius died and was buried, not at Longforgan, which is an error of the compiler or printer of the Breviary, but at Fordun, in A.D. 432., and if the day fixed for his ritual commemoration may be trusted as evidence, on the 6th of July in that year. The whole period therefore, between his appointment at Rome and his death in Pictland, was certainly not more than a year and a half; and the assertion that he consecrated St. Serf and baptised St. Ternan, offers rather a bold challenge to our power of belief. We have heard that the memory of the saint still is, or not long ago was, obscurely echoed at Fordun, by “Paddy’s well” and “Paddy’s fair.”

FINIS.



